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COLLIER'S

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

• JUNE 14th 1902 •



"Ah, month that comes with rainbows crowned, and golden shadows dressed!"

DRAWN BY WM. DE LEFTWICH DODGE

Fore River Ship and Engine Company

Quincy, Massachusetts

Incorporated Under the Laws of New Jersey

DIRECTORS

THOMAS A. WATSON	President
D. H. ANDREWS	President Boston Bridge Works
CHARLES S. DENNIS	President Dennis & Lovejoy Wharf and Warehouse Co.
JAMES B. DILL	Attorney-at-Law, Author of "Dill on New Jersey Corporations"
GEORGE W. DAVENPORT	Secretary and Treasurer
FRANK O. WELLINGTON	General Manager
HOWARD P. ELWELL	General Superintendent
WILLIAM C. HABERLEY	Auditor

The Company offers for public subscription **10,000 Shares of Preferred Stock** on the following terms: Preferred stock at \$100 per share, and of the 10,000 shares of common stock now in treasury one share will be given as a bonus with every two shares of preferred.

In case of subscription for one share only of preferred stock at \$100 per share, a share of common stock will be reserved for 90 days and issued as a bonus if a second share of preferred stock is subscribed for within that time.

The right is reserved to withdraw or reduce the bonus of common stock without notice.

The founders of the business have personally invested over one million dollars in cash in the stock of the Fore River Ship and Engine Co. before the present offering of stock to the public is made.

CAPITALIZATION

Fore River Ship and Engine Co. is capitalized as follows:

**Preferred Stock, 20,000 Shares . . . \$2,000,000
Common Stock, 20,000 Shares . . . \$2,000,000**

Par Value of Shares, \$100, Full Paid and Non-Assessable

THERE IS NO BONDED INDEBTEDNESS

The preferred stock has a non-cumulative first preference upon the net profits of the Company up to 7 per cent. per annum. In case of liquidation or dissolution of the Company, and distribution of its assets, the Charter provides that \$125 per share must be paid to preferred stockholders before anything is paid to holders of the common stock. The Charter further provides that one-half of all net profits in excess of 7 per cent. on the preferred stock shall be held as a sinking fund which on reaching \$100,000 must be applied to redeeming the preferred stock at \$125 per share, or at a lower price if so offered by holders to the Company, to such amount as such sum will redeem. For example: when there is \$200,000 of net profits over and above the dividend on the preferred stock, \$100,000 is applicable to a dividend on the common and \$100,000 must be applied to redemption of a portion of the preferred stock.

Of the above \$4,000,000 total stock authorized, there is now in the treasury of the Company \$1,000,000 preferred and \$1,000,000 common. Prior to the incorporation of this Company in February, 1901, the business had been conducted for seventeen years by Messrs. T. A. Watson and F. O. Wellington as a co-partnership. During the last two years and since the incorporation of the Company, the sum of \$1,500,000 cash has been expended on the plant.

There is at present outstanding \$1,000,000 of preferred stock and \$1,000,000 of common stock issued against a plant which has cost \$1,500,000 cash; and the stock now to be sold provides cash for addition to plant and working capital to the amount of \$1,000,000.

The provisions of the Charter guarding the investor in this preferred stock are exceedingly strong, being drawn with great care by the highest legal talent. It has a preference not only on the net profits up to 7 per cent., but also upon the assets of the Company in case of distribution.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the Company for five months to January 1, 1902, were \$101,574.36 in accordance with the certificate of the Eastern Audit Company.

The entire \$2,000,000 preferred stock requires but \$140,000 for its 7 per cent. dividends. The Company earned, at the rate of over \$100,000 in excess of the amount required to pay the dividend on the entire \$2,000,000 preferred stock, this while construction of the works was under way.

By the operation of the sinking fund the earnings applicable to the common stock will naturally increase, and with the Company earning from \$400,000 to \$500,000 per annum in the future, which is quite possible with the yard filled with work, it will be seen that owing to the small capitalization the common stock is likely to earn very large dividends in the future.



THE ISLE OF KENT.—This picture was taken in dry dock and shows how smashed up the bow of the ship really was. Fore River Ship and Engine Company repaired her in 21 days. Contract price \$23,500.

TREASURER'S OFFICE
117 Federal Street, Boston

By the provision that a sum equal to any dividends on the common stock must be used to retire preferred stock, it is probable that the preferred stock will rapidly decrease. As it decreases the common stock will command more of the net earnings of the Company on the small capitalization of \$2,000,000.

DIVIDENDS

By the terms of the Charter, semi-annual dividends on the preferred stock are payable on the second Mondays in January and July, out of the earnings of the Company.

In accordance with this provision a dividend on the preferred stock of 3 1/2 per cent. will be paid on July 14, 1902, out of accrued earnings.

DESCRIPTION OF PROPERTY AND CONTRACTS

Below is a brief description of the Company's plant, and business and contracts in hand:

REAL ESTATE

78 Acres of Land, Bounded by 1 3/4 Miles of Water Front

The buildings enumerated here are only the larger buildings comprising the Company's plant. In addition to these there is a large office building and some fifteen other buildings which it is unnecessary to mention in detail. Outside of the plant proper the Company owns a number of dwelling houses and other real estate in Quincy, which produces a substantial income, and this outside real estate is conservatively held as being worth \$100,000.

BUILDINGS

Forge, 107x300,	21,400 sq. ft.	Woodwork Shop and
Annealing Plant (40x40) 2;	43x56, 5,608 "	Mold Loft (30x72) 2 floors, 43,776 sq. ft.
Gage Shop (105x72) 2	15,120 "	Ship Tool Shop, 380x143 "
Store House (105x72) 2	32,760 "	Machine Shop, 400x128 "
Pattern Storage (105x72) 2	15,120 "	Gallery (40x28)
Power House, 162x63,	10,530 "	Basement (288x29) 76,294 "
Coal Pockets, 65x48,	3,120 "	Ship House, 490x325 150,250 "
	108,638 "	Ship Carpenter Shop, 60x30 2,500 "
		337,590 "
	Total area under roof (nearly eleven acres),	441,178 square feet.

The forge in the above list is one of the three large forging plants in this country and Fore River is the only shipyard having a forge capable of the largest work in ship-building. This forge is also kept busy on miscellaneous outside work.

Work in Progress in Fore River Yard

MAY 1, 1902

Battleship—New Jersey. 15,000 tons

Torpedo Boat Destroyer—Lawrence

Battleship—Rhode Island. 15,000 tons

Torpedo Boat Destroyer—Macdonough

Cruiser—Des Moines

Seven-Masted Steel Schooner (11,000 tons displacement)

(The largest sailing vessel in the world.)

Forgings for Steamships now being built in other yards

Steel Bridge, 800 feet long, over Weymouth Fore River

Seventy-five Sets Forgings for rapid fire guns

Miscellaneous Structural Work

Steel Car Floats (unsinkable) for N. Y., N. H. & H. R. R. Co.

The above, with other work in hand, will bring the total amount of contracts up to over \$9,007,000.

In addition to the above contracts in hand, the Company has tenders under consideration for additional work aggregating several million dollars.

Upon application to the Boston office of the Company, a copy of the Charter of the Company, and an illustrated description of the plant will be sent by mail. Reference is made by permission to several banks and trust companies. Copies of reports made on the property by several eminent engineers and naval experts may be seen on application.

Subscriptions may be made by letter directed to the Fore River Ship and Engine Co., 117 Federal Street, Boston, Mass., or Federal Trust Co., Boston. Remittances may be made by check, registered letter or money order, payable either to Fore River Ship and Engine Co., or Federal Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

Since the first offering of this stock for public subscription more than half has already been subscribed for. We advise prompt action on the part of any one desiring to subscribe for any of the remaining shares.

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AT THE HOUR WHEN WE WRITE THERE IS reason to believe that Congress will adjourn before the 4th of July, and that President Roosevelt will not be compelled to convocate it in extra session. In other words, it is expected that the Philippines Civil Government bill, the Isthmian Canal bill, and the Cuba Reciprocity bill will presently be passed. From the viewpoint of eloquence, it is undisputed that the speech against the first-named measure delivered by Senator Hoar was one of the most memorable utterances that have been heard in the Capitol since the days of the Civil War. On the other hand, it fell short of the fundamental aim of eloquence, in that it failed to change a single vote. Senator Hoar did not explain how, if independence were granted to the Filipinos, we could discharge the obligations which we contracted when we ratified the Treaty of Paris. Nobody doubts that an independent Filipino Government would promise to assume those obligations, but nobody thinks that the promise would be carried out. Spain, to whom we conceded a specific commercial privilege for a definite term, and other foreign countries, the subjects or citizens of which have a right to demand at our hands protection for their lives and property, would protest against the devolution of our responsibilities upon native rulers whose power of maintaining peace and order is not unreasonably distrusted. But why, asks Senator Hoar, do we not fix a date in the future when we will give independence to the Philippines? Senator Spooner and other spokesmen of the Administration reply—and it will be observed that Senator Morgan, although a stanch Democrat, regards the reply as sufficient—that we are not yet in possession of the data requisite for the designation of a date. A considerable time elapsed after the evacuation of Havana by the Spaniards before we were able to name the day when Cuba should become an independent republic. To acquire the requisite data in the case of the Philippines as speedily as possible is one of the very objects of the Civil Government bill now pending in the Senate. That measure is intended to disclose by its practical operation to what extent the inhabitants of the more civilized parts of the Philippine archipelago are qualified for self-government. We ourselves are convinced that, so fast and so far as the qualifications are exhibited, American public opinion will insist on the concession of a large measure of autonomy.

THE READERS OF THE LAST NUMBER OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY know what augury of Cuba's future is drawn by Hon. William J. Bryan, our distinguished correspondent. There is no doubt that Señor Palma, the President of the new republic, will be confronted at the outset with the difficulty of adjusting expenditures to income. Unless Cuban sugars can secure admittance to the United States market upon such terms as will give the producer a profit, it will be impossible to defray even the normal cost of government from the existing insular revenues. Unfortunately for President Palma's administration, it is confronted at the outset with a peremptory demand for an abnormal outlay. The officers and soldiers who took part in the last insurrection against Spanish authority insist that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and have brought forward claims for back pay amounting in the aggregate to eighty million dollars. In the present state of the insular finances it would be impossible for the government to borrow one-half, or even one-quarter, of that amount, because there is no surplus of revenue over ordinary expenditures, and, in the absence of such a surplus, there is no money available for interest and sinking fund. Unless, however, something is done to satisfy the claims of the men who profess to have risked their lives for the liberation of Cuba, a revolt against President Palma's authority is not improbable, and, as he has no adequate means of suppressing an uprising, a relapse of the island into anarchy is to be feared. We have kept our promise to give Cuba independence, but it remains to be seen whether the island can profit by the boon.

THE MAJORITY OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE TO which the Isthmian Canal question was referred have reported in favor of the Nicaragua route, but the minority report advocates the purchase of the unfinished Panama Canal and the completion of that waterway. There is no doubt that the destructive eruptions of Mont Pelée in Martinique and of La Soufrière in St. Vincent have directed public attention to the fact that the region through which the proposed Nicaragua Canal would run has been repeatedly the scene of similar disturbances of the earth's crust. At the hour when we write several cities in the adjoining republic of

Guatemala have been practically ruined by an earthquake. It would seem to be the height of human folly to expend two hundred or three hundred million dollars on the construction of a canal through a country continually exposed to earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. No cataclysm of the kind has ever been experienced on the Isthmus of Panama, and this fact should be deemed sufficient to decide the choice of a route. It is well known that the clamorous demand for the selection of the Nicaragua route comes mainly from persons who are peculiarly interested in that particular solution of the canal problem. The United States could better afford to pacify these importunate speculators with the gift of a few million dollars than to risk a hundred times as much in a region which at any moment may be the victim of convulsions of nature such as have just occurred in the Leeward Islands and in Central America.

NOw THAT WE KNOW THE TERMS ON WHICH the delegates of the Boer forces remaining in the field agreed to surrender we can sum up the consequences of a contest which, at the outset, was expected to be brief, but which, as a matter of fact, has lasted upward of two years and seven months. When the war began, the Orange Free State was absolutely independent and the Transvaal, or South African Republic, was also independent except that without Great Britain's consent it could not enter into a treaty with any foreign power except the Orange Free State. Now both of the Boer commonwealths have been wiped out and their free burghers have been transformed into subjects of King Edward VII. For the present they are not even self-governing subjects; it is left for their conquerors to determine when they shall exercise the privilege of choosing their own legislators. Meanwhile they will be subjected to the autocratic rule exemplified in the so-called Crown Colonies. Yet, while the Boers have lost that which they held most dear—to wit, their political independence—their lot is not without considerable alleviations. They have obtained concessions much more liberal than those which were offered a year ago. They will retain their racial identity, because the use of the Dutch language in schools and in courts of justice is to be optional with parents and litigants. They will not be left at the mercy of the native population, for they will be suffered to keep their rifles for self-defence. The settlement of the native franchise question, which is of vital moment to the Boers, is to be postponed until the latter are represented in the local Legislature. Their farms are to be restocked, for Great Britain has promised to provide a fund of fifteen million dollars for the purpose. Neither have they left in the lurch their comrades, the Afrikaner rebels, who left Natal and Cape Colony to join them in the field, but, on the contrary, have obtained the exemption of all rebels from capital punishment. So much for the Boer side of the account which was settled at Pretoria. What England has gained is obvious. She has once again given proof of the unflinching resolution which, having set a hand to the plow, never looks back till the furrow is completed; she has rescued the gold mines of the Rand from alien jurisdiction; she has made the Cape route to India secure; and, finally, she has established her predominance throughout South Africa, if we except the unimportant territories which are nominally occupied by the Germans and the Portuguese.

THE FIRST SESSION OF THE NEW CHAMBER OF Deputies, which opened in Paris on Sunday, June 1, is likely to be a lively one. The resignation of Premier Waldeck-Rousseau, which at first was supposed to be perfunctory, turns out to be seriously meant, notwithstanding the success of his supporters at the recent general elections. We shall, therefore, witness a readjustment of political factions, and a renewed search for a Prime Minister who can command a stable majority. There is nobody now visible who can fill the place of the outgoing Premier, for, since the organization of the third French Republic, no one else has evinced the ability to control both the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate for the period of some three years. M. Bourgeois could dominate the Chamber, but experience has shown that he could not constrain the Senate to accept the income tax, to which he is pledged. The chances are that, after a short interval, during which others will demonstrate their unfitness for the post of Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau will be prevailed upon to resume office. In the event of his returning to power, we shall not be surprised to see him dispensing with the inconvenient support of the Socialists and

accepting in lieu thereof the assistance of that wing of the Republicans which has hitherto opposed him. In other words, his present resignation looks to us like an adroit manoeuvre, modelled on the *fauilles sorties*, or sham exits, of Bismarck.

THREE ARE A GOOD MANY RUMORS CURRENT touching the appointment of a successor to Lord Pauncefote in the post of British Ambassador at Washington. According to one report, the pay of the Ambassador is to be raised from \$39,000 a year to \$45,000, the highest stipend received by any representative of the British sovereign abroad. The sum last mentioned is only a tenth less than the salary of the President of the United States, and should be adequate, especially as the British Ambassador at Washington has a house, rent free. We give our Ambassador at the Court of St. James's only \$17,500, out of which he has to pay house-rent, which, if he is decently lodged, absorbs the whole of his salary. Why the representative of the great American Republic, which is the richest country in the world, should not be as well remunerated as the representative of Great Britain is a problem that nobody can solve except upon the assumption that the salaries of American Ambassadors are deliberately kept low in order that the posts may be reserved for rich men or for the husbands of rich wives. This, at all events, is the practical outcome of a system which barely allows an American Ambassador enough for house-rent.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER, THE CANADIAN PREMIER, said the other day in the Dominion Parliament that he did not think Mr. Chamberlain would have invited the Colonial Premiers to a conference on commercial questions in London unless he had some arrangement of mutual advantage to propose. Sir Wilfrid added that, since the imposition of a registration duty on grain and flour imported into the United Kingdom, the British Government had something to give, being now able to discriminate in favor of colonial food products. Almost contemporaneously, however, Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Government leader in the House of Commons, was declaring that the registration duty on grain and flour had been imposed for revenue purposes only. It follows that no discrimination in favor of colonial grain will be made, the impossibility of doing this without reducing revenue being obvious. It is uncertain, by the way, what effect upon the British budget will be produced by the definite conclusion of peace in South Africa. That less money will be needed than Sir Michael Hicks-Beach supposed is plain upon the face of things; but, whether the penny added to the income tax will be remitted, or whether the registration duty on grain and flour will be renounced is, at the hour when we write, unknown. The Liberals devoutly hope that the Government will cling to the registration duty, and thus furnish them with campaign ammunition, but, if Lord Salisbury takes warning from the unexpected defeat which his follower sustained the other day in the by-election at Bury, he will do nothing of the kind.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT HAS DISCOVERED that, unless it undertakes to deprive British subjects of the right of selling their property to the highest bidder, it can do nothing to prevent the creation of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's Atlantic Steamship Trust. It has, accordingly, turned a deaf ear to the frantic appeals of London newspapers on the subject. All the British Government could do is to subsidize the liners not included in the Trust and the tramp steamers. It has no money for any such purpose; but, even if it could find some, it would simply provoke the United States into embarking in the subsidy business. As things are now, it seems improbable that our Steamship Subsidy bill will be carried through the House of Representatives during the present session of Congress. It would go through with a rush, however, if the British Government tried to thwart Mr. Morgan's plan of securing for the United States a large, if not preponderant, share of the highly remunerative transatlantic carrying trade. Most people forget that we are still endeavoring to recover what was once our own: in 1850-57 our share of the transatlantic carrying trade was larger than Great Britain's. This fact is ignored by the London press, which talks as if British subjects had an indefeasible right to monopolize the traffic. We beg to assure our London contemporaries that the enterprise personified in Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan is entirely legitimate, and that what they are pleased to call "Morganeering" is no synonym for the profession of the buccaneer.

The PEARL OF THE ANTILLES

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF COLLIER'S WEEKLY AT THE INSTALLATION OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC

CUBA, the largest, richest and most populous of the West Indian Islands, lies about ninety miles south of Key West, the southernmost point of Florida. It is separated from the mainland by that mightiest river of the earth, the Gulf Stream, whose resistless current sweeps to the northeast through a channel half a mile deep and carries the warmth of the southern seas far into the Temperate Zone.

"The Pearl of the Antilles," as Cuba is called, is about nine hundred miles from the east to the west, and so narrow (about one hundred and twenty miles at its greatest width) that it looks on the map like a small arc of a great circle. Its coast line is broken by innumerable bays and harbors, many of them admirably adapted for commerce. A large part of the surface of the island is made up of rolling prairies and the land is generally fertile. In the east a mountain range rises to a considerable height, terminating in Pico Turquino, which lifts its peak to an elevation of six thousand nine hundred feet. The rivers are abundant, but are not navigable to any great extent. There are a number of excellent turnpikes, many of them lined on either side with shade and flowering trees. The stranger is at once attracted by the Royal Poinciana (flamboyant), a tree which grows to the height of thirty or forty feet, spreads out like a great umbrella and is covered with clusters of bright red flowers. The royal palm is the most important tree of the island. Its slender trunk rises to a great height, and it presents an imposing appearance. Its foliage furnishes the material commonly used for the thatching of the roofs of the huts, and the bark which it sheds each year furnishes the material used for making baskets, for the siding of houses and for the baling of tobacco. The wood of the royal palm, while not hard enough for building purposes, is still useful for fences and light work. This tree is so indispensable to the people of the island that it has been made a part of the Cuban coat of arms.

Cuba also produces a large variety of hard woods, the best known being mahogany and ebony; but there are others almost as beautiful and as useful. The employés of Colonel Blis, the Collector of Customs at Havana, presented him a beautiful desk and cabinet upon his departure from the island. It was made by Señor Nicolas Quintana, and eighteen different kinds of wood were employed in its construction. It not only shows the variety of hard woods, but is an excellent specimen of the cabinetmaker's skill.

THE CLIMATE AN EQUABLE ONE

The climate of Cuba is mild and the temperature quite uniform. Even in the warmest part of the summer the mercury seldom rises above 92 in the shade and in the winter it does not fall below 40 or 45. The sun, however, is very hot, and for eight or nine months in the year work is practically suspended during the middle of the day.

A visitor to the island even in the month of May finds the Panama hat an indispensable companion of the men and the fan a necessary part of the apparel of the women; and it may be added that the hats range in price from a few dollars to one hundred and the fans from a few cents to five hundred dollars. In purchasing it is well to have some one along who is a good judge of the quality of these articles, because the stranger often finds it difficult to measure the value except by the price placed upon the article and this price is sometimes adjusted according to a sliding scale.

The rainfall in Cuba varies; sometimes it amounts to one hundred inches in a year and at other times it is considerably less. The rainy season usually begins in May and ends in October or November, and during this period a rainfall of ten or twelve inches in a day is not rare; and yet the land is not badly washed.

The island is full of springs, many of them of considerable size. The city of Havana is supplied from an enormous spring which issues from the side of a hill about ten miles south of Havana. The water is clear and healthful. The only fault that it has is a trace of lime, a characteristic of most of the spring water of the island. This spring not only supplies all the water that Havana needs, but nearly forty per cent of the flow is turned into an adjoining river as waste. The water is carried to the city through an im-

mense aqueduct which was constructed by a Spaniard named Albear, who came from his native country with plans which were accepted and carried out by the local authorities. While the expense was very great, the work was well done and is a monument to the genius of the engineer. I call particular attention to Havana's water supply because in contemplating a visit to the island the character of the water gave me most concern, and I had resolved to rely upon Apollinaris or some other mineral water. The first day in the city, however, convinced me that the water was pure, and I drank it freely during my week's stay.

DORMANT RESOURCES AWAITING DEVELOPMENT

The resources of the island have not been fully developed, and many things that are imported might as well be raised at home. The diversification of the industries of the island ought to be one of the first works to engage the attention of the Minister of Agriculture. The cocoanut, orange and pineapple are found in reasonable abundance; a small but very palatable banana and a small lime are grown. Tomatoes, cabbages and a number of other vegetables are being cultivated, but truck gardening has not reached the perfection that it has in the United States.

At present the sugar and tobacco industries are given almost undivided attention. The sugar crop of Cuba amounted to 1,054,214 tons in the season of 1893-94. During the war it fell to as low as 212,051 tons—that was during the year 1896-97. There has been a gradual increase from that date to the present year, when it is estimated that the crop will equal 750,000 tons. This is almost all raw sugar and is sent to the United States; the exports of refined sugar do not average \$3,000 per year, and the average amount exported to countries other than the United States does not exceed 1,000 tons. Cuba is exceptionally fitted for the production of sugar. The cane grows throughout the entire year and does not require replanting. A crop can be harvested every nine or ten months and one planting will last for from eight to fifteen years, according to the soil and care. In fact, there are instances of fields that have not been replanted for thirty or forty years.

Tobacco is not so important a crop as sugar, and yet in the province of Pinar del Rio, the western province of the island, there is produced a variety of tobacco that has made the Havana cigars famous the world over. The tobacco exports were valued at \$21,084,750 in 1899 and at \$26,084,971 in 1900.

Horses and mules are sometimes used for carrying burdens, an immense sack with a large pocket on either side being thrown across the back of the animal. The ox, however, is usually employed for the cultivation of the soil and for the carrying of farm products. The American who visits the island will notice the yoke. Instead of putting the burden upon the shoulders as the American yoke does, it is fastened around the horns like the Assyrian yoke, so that the animals push the load with their heads.

One notices the scarcity of milk and butter. Upon inquiry I was told that the milk yielded very little cream and that the natives used butter scarcely at all. American residents, however, told me that it was due to the fact that cows were not cared for as in the United States, and one who has had considerable experience in Cuba declared that he had fed grain to his cows and secured as good a result in both milk and butter as could be secured in the United States. The pasturage is excellent, and several Americans are planning to make an experiment in cattle raising. They claim that a steer can be raised and fattened on half the sum required in the Western States. They believe that sufficient meat can be produced to supply the entire island and leave a surplus for export. Little attention has been given to the breeding of high-grade hogs or cattle, and goats are apparently more numerous than sheep.

POPULATION PAST THE MILLION MARK

The population of Cuba numbers about one and a half million, according to the best estimates, of which the negroes constitute about one-third. Slavery was formally abolished in 1856, but the traffic continued until 1886. The slave trade thrived in Cuba after it had been abolished in the United

States, and it is said that a cargo of Congo negroes was sold on the island as late as 1878.

The population is made up of Spaniards and their descendants—the former are called Spaniards and the latter Cubans. The Spaniards own the bulk of the personal property and much of the real estate, while the latter make up the majority of the voting population. During the wars which have ravaged the island the Cubans have suffered most because much of their property was confiscated or burned, while those Spaniards who were loyal to the government largely escaped. It is estimated that the lands of the island are mortgaged to more than sixty-five per cent of their present market value, the mortgages generally being given for money with which to stock and improve the farms. During the struggle for liberty the improvements were destroyed, but the mortgages escaped unharmed. The people should be encouraged to save their money, and to this end government savings banks would be useful.

The Cuban people are as a rule docile, domestic, well-meaning and temperate. There is almost an entire absence of drunkenness; Americans admit that about the only evidences of intoxication they have seen on the island have been exhibited by the Americans.

The education of the children was much neglected during the numerous insurrections, but in no respect has the island shown more marked improvement than the attention given to the instruction of the children. During the period of American intervention the number of children in attendance at schools has increased several hundred per cent. The governor of the province of Matanzas told me that in the city of Matanzas the number of children in school there had increased from twenty-five hundred to over seven thousand within the last five years, notwithstanding the large mortality among the children during the last war. He pointed with some pride to a large building which under Spanish rule was used for a jail but is now occupied by a public school. There is at Havana, also, a large building until recently used for the storage of ammunition, which is being converted into a great university.

A CATHOLIC COUNTRY, BENEVOLENT AND UNBIGOTED

The religion of the island is Catholic, and almost all of the inhabitants have been baptized in that faith. This Church has splendid houses of worship and many large institutions devoted to charity and benevolence. There is absolute freedom of religion, and most of the prominent Protestant denominations have representatives here. On Sunday night preceding the inauguration of the President a union patriotic service was held in the building occupied by the Congregational Church, and the pastors of all the Protestant churches took part. Some of these churches have established private schools, and these have a very satisfactory attendance.

The difference between the country and the city is very marked. In the country many of the people live in small and scantily furnished houses, each family cultivating a small tract of land. There are, however, some very large plantations, and these, of course, have commodious houses and expensive mills for the extracting of sugar from cane. In the cities the houses are built in solid blocks and have no yards. In the better houses there is usually an open court inside, but the population is crowded very closely together.

Those who have not visited Mexico or some other Spanish country will be struck by a custom which prevails in Cuba. The family carriage is usually kept in the front hall and the stable is generally a part of the house. For instance, you will find a house costing from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand dollars, with marble floors, ceilings twenty-five feet high, and with large rooms, filled with elegant furniture, paintings and statuary. In the centre will be a beautiful court, with all kinds of tropical flowers and plants, watered by a costly fountain. On the first floor will be the living rooms, in the basement will be the kitchen and the servants' rooms, and adjoining a perfectly equipped bathroom will be found the carriage room and the stable.

Havana is, of course, the city of the greatest size and interest. The Cubans call it Habana, although the English-speaking people of the world substitute a "v" for the "b."



DOMINGO M. CAPOTE
President of the
Senate



RUIS RIVERA
Collector of Customs of
Cuba



MAXIMO GOMEZ
The oldest Cuban
Patriot



CRUZ PEREZ
Chief-Justice of the Supreme
Court of Cuba



PELAYO GARCIA
Speaker of the House of
Representatives

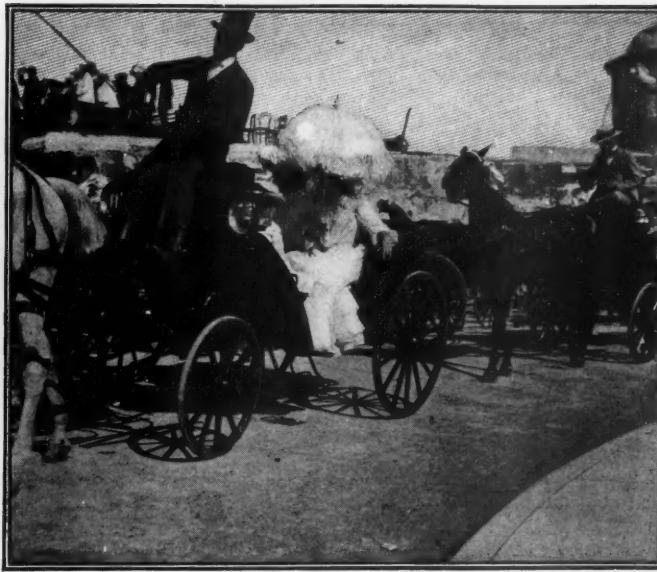


LUIS ESTEVEZ ROMERO
Vice-President of the Cuban
Republic

LEGISLATORS OF THE NEW REPUBLIC — THE MEN IN WHOSE HANDS RESTS THE FUTURE OF CUBA



Royal Palms in the Park



Late Afternoon on the Prado



The Royal Poinciana Tree

SCENES OF OUTDOOR LIFE IN THE REMODELED, NEWLY PAVED, AMERICANIZED CAPITAL OF FREE CUBA

It means a haven, and the name was first applied to a city on the southern coast and afterward given to the present city. It lies on the south shore of Havana Bay, one of the best harbors in the island. It is entered by a deep but narrow channel, and is so large and well protected that an entire fleet can ride at anchor.

THE "MAINE," STILL VISIBLE, FREEDOM'S SACRIFICE

The wreck of the *Maine* is still visible in the harbor, and is an object of intense interest to both Americans and Cubans; for to the former it recalls a great national bereavement, while the Cubans recognize that, horrible and lamentable as it was, it had an important influence in the securing of their independence. Morro Castle guards the entrance to the harbor, and it is admirably situated, as well as admirably constructed, for defence. It is built upon a cliff and its massive walls made the Spaniards feel secure from any foreign attack. Near by is Fort Cabanas, which is equally well constructed, and, having been the scene of the execution of many Cuban patriots, is equally interesting to the visitor. The formal transfer of the government from the United States to the Cuban Republic gave the Cubans scarcely less pleasure than the raising of the Cuban flag over Morro and Cabanas. In fact, it is said that when, on the 11th of May, the President-elect landed at Havana and the Cuban flag was for a short time raised over Morro, the veterans of the prolonged wars were so affected that they shouted, wept and hugged each other by turns.

Fort Principe, which crowns a natural eminence just back of the city of Havana, is said to be the strongest fortification on the Western Hemisphere. It was constructed for the defense of Havana and will accommodate a garrison of many thousands. The city of Havana is built upon the shore of the sea and of Havana Bay, the ground gradually sloping back from the water's edge toward Fort Principe.

The streets are narrow, like the streets of Mexican cities, and show a reckless disregard of the points of the compass. The residences are nearly all one story, and have a window and door opening upon the street, the former invariably protected by iron bars or grating. In the middle of the window is a gate that is unlocked in the cool of the evening, and the young ladies stand at the opening and watch the passers-by. The presence of so many beautiful faces at the windows enhances the pleasure of a drive through the streets at this hour of the day. The casual admirer must be content to talk with the señoritas through the bars; only an accepted suitor is admitted to the parlor, and even he must do his courting in the presence of some older member of the family. Until the period of intervention the young ladies never went upon the street alone. Though this custom has relaxed somewhat, it is usual even now for the mother or a chaperon to accompany the daughter.

THE PRADO—HAVANA'S FINEST THOROUGHFARE

The principal street of Havana is called the Prado, and leads from the point opposite Morro Castle back into the interior of the city. It has been very much improved under General Wood's direction and is now the most beautiful part of the city. While a considerable sum was expended upon this improvement, the Cubans are very proud of it and it is the place most frequented in the evening. On Sundays, about sunset, the Prado is crowded. A contract has been given to an individual to furnish seats for those who desire to rest, and the city receives four thousand dollars a year for the concession. Thousands of people line this street, while every one who has a carriage or can hire one joins in the procession. On the Sunday preceding the inauguration the carriages were sometimes four abreast and the travel was so congested that it was difficult to drive faster than a walk.

Here one can see Havana life in all its phases. The wealthy are out in splendid equipages, and those of more moderate means mingle with them, while on the sidewalks will be found a promiscuous crowd, all neatly dressed, and so peaceful and orderly that no officer of the law is necessary to control them.

Not far from Havana, about twelve miles to the southwest, at a beautiful little cove, is situated the house of the Havana Yacht Club. It has a large membership and furnishes a delightful place for rest and recuperation. The road leading from Havana to the yacht club passes by the cemetery and Columbia Barracks.

The cemetery is an object of interest to those who are not

acquainted with burial customs in tropical countries. The private vaults of the wealthy are made of cement and stone and are waterproof. A marble slab covers the grave and artificial flowers adorn the lot. Those who cannot afford to own a private vault are buried in vaults rented for a limited time, and when the time is up the remains are removed to the bone-pile if further rent is not forthcoming. The very poor are carried to the cemetery in a rented box and buried, mother earth furnishing them their only coffin. There are a number of beautiful monuments in the Havana cemetery, the most elaborate of which is one of white marble, erected to the memory of forty volunteer firemen who lost their lives in a disastrous explosion which occurred some years ago.

Columbia Barracks is the name given to the place where the American troops were encamped during the intervention. General Lee's army corps located the camp upon a beautiful knoll overlooking the sea. It proved to be a healthful place, and one soldier suffered far less than it was feared they would when they embarked for Cuba.

THE VASTLY IMPROVED SANITARY CONDITIONS

From General Wood I learned that the island has been entirely purged of yellow fever and that the death rate in Havana is now lower than in Washington, D. C.

Major W. C. Gorgas of the United States Army, who has been in charge of the Sanitary Department, deserves great credit for the work that has been done in the matter of improving sanitary conditions in the island. Under his administration the mosquito theory was fully tested, and it was proven to the satisfaction of all who watched the experiment that the disease is not transmitted by contact with the yellow fever patient but by the bite of a mosquito which has previously bitten one having the disease. Dr. Carlos Finlay of Havana some twenty-one years ago brought this terrible indictment against the mosquito and, after a fair and impartial trial, it stands convicted before the world.

Governor Jennings of Florida, who visited Cuba for the double purpose of attending the inauguration and of investigating the sanitary system of the island, was much gratified to learn of the care that is now taken to provide against and stamp out contagious diseases. Florida is so near to Cuba that his people are vitally interested in the subject. From him I learned that vaccination against small-pox has received especial attention in Cuba. A room is fitted up with the most modern scientific equipment; expert physicians are in charge; calves, first tested as to their general health, are vaccinated and kept under surveillance for five days and then placed upon a table made for the purpose and the bovine virus is extracted. This is placed in vats and, after being thoroughly prepared, is made into what are called points, each point containing sufficient virus to vaccinate five persons. One calf furnishes bovine virus enough to vaccinate 1,000 persons. The Havana Institution furnishes virus for the island and the Marine Hospital Service of the United States. Some idea of the magnitude of this institution can be gathered from the fact that 250,000 persons have been vaccinated on the island of Cuba within five months, and the care taken is shown by the fact that not a single case of death has resulted in all that number of vaccinations.

There is also at Havana a very complete disinfecting plant; the United States steamer *Sanator*, especially built for ship disinfection and for the handling of large numbers of soldiers and passengers, arrived at Havana during the latter part of June, 1900. The *Sanator* is the only disinfecting steamer in the world and is provided with the most modern apparatus, including shower baths and robing and disrobing rooms sufficient to handle 1,000 persons daily. The experience of the army at Montauk Point in 1898 suggested many improvements in the matter of disinfection. During the month of June, 1901, this steamer disinfected 40 cargoes, passenger vessels, and 39 fishing smacks, making a total of 79 vessels. During the first fiscal year 463 vessels were disinfected, together with 4,360 pieces of baggage.

THE PRISON AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS IN HAVANA

The public buildings of Havana are substantially constructed and will last for many years. The Spaniards had an eye to the future and built for posterity, therefore the public buildings of Havana and the other cities are large, strong and massive.

The prison is an immense building, and though ornamental in appearance is unfortunately situated on the Prado. The condition of the prison, by the way, has been much improved during American occupancy, a fact to which the Cubans point

with much pride and satisfaction. The Palace, occupied by the Governor-General during Spanish rule is a commodious structure near the wharf. Former Governor-General Wood made his headquarters here, as have the heads of the various departments of the government.

When I called upon the Mayor, the able and accomplished Señor De la Torre, I was ushered into a reception-room which was formerly the crown-room of the palace. There my attention was immediately attracted by two splendid oil paintings of large size. One represented Cortes landing in Cuba, and the other the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth Rock. In the first picture the great Spanish explorer appeared as the central figure; he was mounted upon a war-horse and around him were cannons, guns, sabres and chains. The second picture represented a group of unarmed men, women and children. One held an open book, while on the ground were spade and pick and saw. The pictures were presented in 1867, by Señor Miguel de Aldama, the wealthiest Cuban of his time, who, a year later, was a prominent leader in the war begun for the independence of Cuba. The pictures contrast the doctrine of colonization by conquest with the peaceful methods employed by those who go forth to build a new home in a new country. There is an exquisite humor in the gift and the donor would have felt fully repaid if he could have known that those pictures would for thirty years mock every kingly gathering and utter their mute protest against arbitrary power and colonial misgovernment.

Bull-fighting and cock-fighting have been prohibited during the intervention, and "Jai Alai," a very skilful ball game, has taken their place to some extent. But for the gambling that is encouraged by the "Jai Alai" Company the game would be deserving of praise.

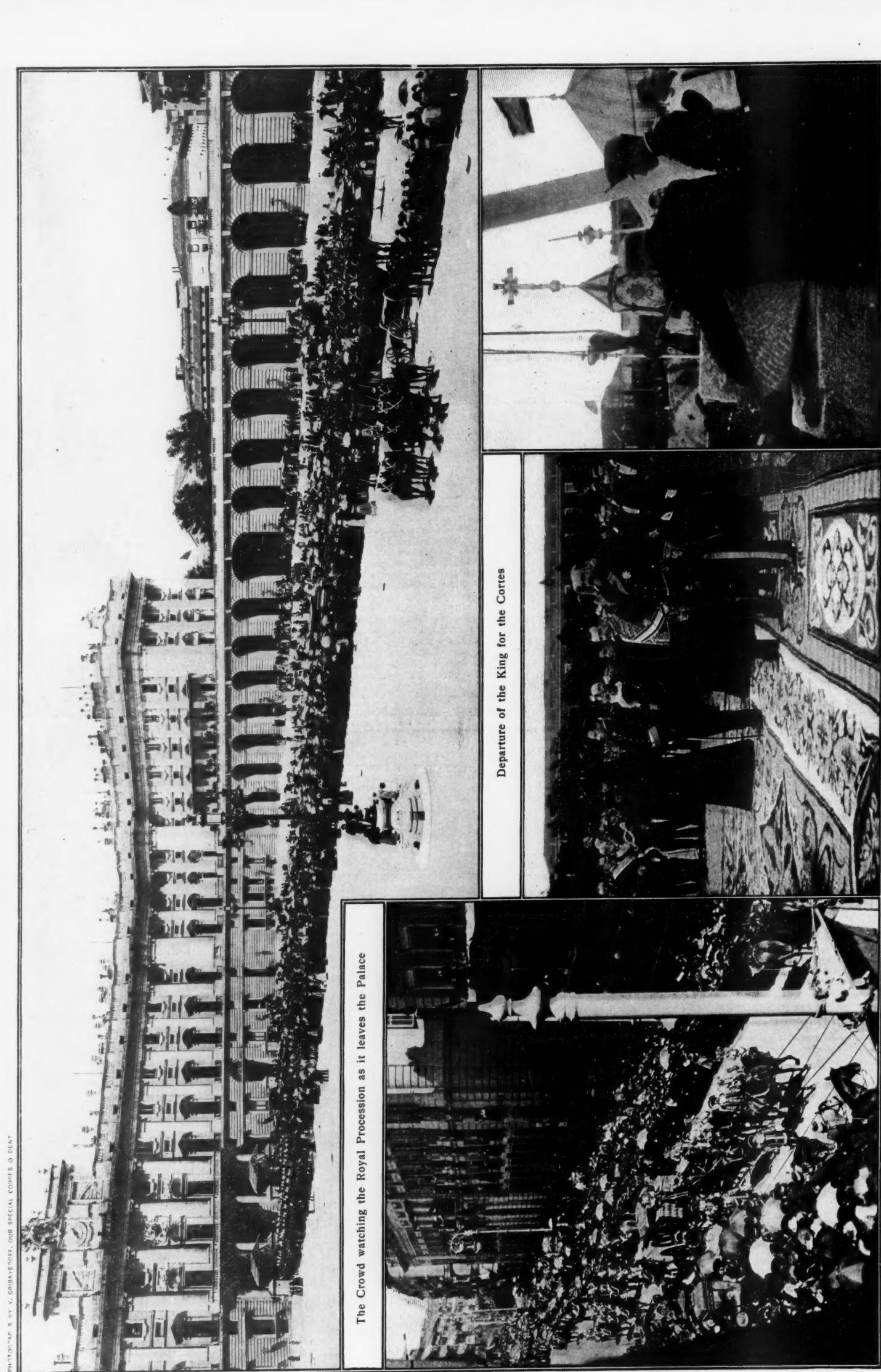
A POSSIBLE FUTURE WINTER RESORT

Havana is destined to be a popular winter resort for American tourists. It is only three and one-half days from New York by steamer and only little more than a day from southern Florida, and its climate affords a delightful retreat from the rigors of a northern winter. The hotels are well kept and sufficiently commodious for the travelling public, but as the number of American tourists increases there will doubtless spring up other hotels built and conducted upon the American plan. The one great and overshadowing need of Havana is a sewerage system, and that subject is now being considered. It has not been thought advisable to run a sewer into the harbor because it has no outlet, and the fact that the Gulf Stream would carry into the harbor any refuse matter emptied along the seacoast makes the problem a difficult one; but that it will be soon solved is certain, and then no city on the Western Hemisphere will be more attractive to those who have the time and means to travel.

To Americans Santiago is almost as interesting as Havana, because it was the scene of the decisive land engagement of the Spanish-American War as well as the scene of one of the two great naval battles of that war. The harbor at Santiago is as well protected as the Havana harbor, but is not so large.

Nature has also done much for the harbors at Cienfuegos and Matanzas and both are prominent shipping points for the exportation of sugar. There are now more than 150,000 tons of sugar stored in the warehouses at the latter place. The harbor at Matanzas is an open one, but large vessels anchor in deep water about a mile from the wharf and have no difficulty in loading and unloading from lighters. Like Havana, the city draws its water supply from springs, and, lying upon the side of a hill, it can be more easily drained. Captain Hay of the United States Army, who was in charge of the military government as well as the custom-house at that place, says that Matanzas is now the cleanest city he has ever seen. He is also authority for the statement that the Cubans are law-abiding and very easy to get along with. There is near Matanzas the famous valley of the Yumuri, an excellent view of which is obtained from the old church of Montserrat, situated on a high hill near the city. There is said to be no more beautiful view on the island, and for that matter it would be difficult to find a more pleasing one anywhere. The caves of Bellamar, about three miles from Matanzas, are also highly praised.

The Isle of Pines, which lies just south of Cuba, and is still held by the United States, subject to final settlement by treaty, is said to be the healthiest of the West India Islands. Much of the land of the island has been bought by Americans, and several English-speaking communities have already been established there.



THE CORONATION OF ALFONSO XIII., KING OF SPAIN, AT MADRID, MAY 17, 1902



THE STORY OF AN EYE-WITNESS TO
THE HORROR AND DEVAS-
TATION WHICH HAS OVER-
WHELMED ST. PIERRE AND
ITS NEIGHBORING VILLAGES

By LOUIS SEIBOLD

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT
IN MARTINIQUE AND ST. VINCENT

FROM THE SEA, all that can be seen of St. Pierre, once the gayest and most splendidly picturesque of any of the towns on the twenty-two islands that fringe the crescent curving from Americanized Porto Rico to revolution-ridden Venezuela, resembles a great wide-spreading, gray-brown fan. The stick of the fan is high up in the air and indicates the only outlet for the eruption of the crater of Mont Pelée. The round rim of the fan sweeps the indigo waters of the Caribbean Sea at the edge of the town, which is washed by violet-tinted waves and myriad whitecaps that glisten with the splendor of diamonds under the tropic sun.

At a distance of five miles the whole western side of the island of Martinique—mountains, vales, towns and villages alike—looks as if it had been visited by a snowstorm. There is nothing to distinguish St. Pierre from the hills on either side, that rise sheer from the water and mount higher and higher toward the 4,450-foot crater of Mont Pelée, whose eruption wiped St. Pierre out of existence and killed more than 30,000 people.

Approaching within two miles, the vaguest outlines of buildings come to view—buildings that are seemingly buried under snow or a glistening pearly gray covering. The mountain-side looking up toward the Pelée crater is visible for a distance of about 3,000 feet. All above is veiled with impenetrable clouds, so that no good view can be obtained of the crater's crest. High above the clouds can be seen spiral volumes of smoke that seem to come out of clouds themselves, but which are undoubtedly sent upward from the crater. It is only at fairly close range that the covering is seen to be of a darker hue than snow and that the lines of houses that mark the location of St. Pierre begin to take definite shape.

On the first day that I visited St. Pierre a big school of fin-backed whales were disporting themselves within half a mile of the shore, raising their heavy bulk lazily out of the water, spouting in the air and then descending with the speed of plummets. They disappeared to the north as I left our despatch-boat in a dingy to look upon the horrors of the stricken city. With me I took a photographer and a guide who had known St. Pierre when it was gay, volatile, richly colored settlement of 5,000 French creoles and 29,000 negroes ranging in hue from the light olive tones of octoroones to the jet-black of the African negro.

THE CURIOUS BOOMING OF MONT PELÉE

Our despatch boat made fast to one of the three great iron buoys moored in twenty fathoms of water a quarter of a mile off shore. Mont Pelée was quiet save for an occasional ominous detonation—a sound unlike anything that I had ever heard before—a sort of "yap, yap" nearer to the barking of a dog than to thunder or the explosion of firearms.

Looking at the ruined town from the first landing-place we could not yet appreciate the full extent of the disaster. On the Marine Street, or water-front, where the tracks of a little narrow-gauge mule-tram ran, the yellow and brown stone houses seemed to have been all thrown or jumbled together as from an earthquake. The iron bars of windows and walls that remained standing were twisted and tangled together. Looking through these windows we beheld the blue sky above. In fact, not one of the 500 or more houses into which we peered during our three hours' exploration had a roof, yet I cannot say that I saw a single building which had been entirely destroyed—that is, of which some part of the walls did not remain standing.

The first bodies I saw were in a building facing the water's edge, in which there were some iron implements of shipping scattered among the débris of rocks, flaky ashes and powdery fine dust, as soft as powdered pumice-stone and resembling cement. The powder was over everything—bodies, small anchors, belaying-pins and a compass that the toe of my boot turned up. There were three human bodies in this building entirely divested of clothing and hair, all brown as if from a scorching fire, but perfectly formed. The bodies were those of males.

Coming out of this ship-chandler's building, as it undoubtedly was, we attempted to make our way up into one of the streets that ran down to the sea, but were compelled to walk for three hundred yards to the north, where a fine old fountain—"The Conception"—thirty feet in diameter, still sent up a thin spray of water. Here we found a picturesque group of thirty-nine living persons—the only creatures stirring in the city, besides ourselves. They were all blacks, twenty-four men and fifteen women, carrying on their heads wicker baskets filled with dried codfish, tropical fruits and scant articles of clothing.

A STRAY BAND OF REFUGEES

A patriarchal old negro with woolly gray hair waved a French flag at us as a token of friendship. He told me that he and his companions had fled from a little village to the north of Pressier, some 2,000 feet up the mountain peak adjoining Mont Pelée. He said the volcano had been vomiting ashes the night before, and that he and his followers had fled to escape the fate of the 34,000 victims of St. Pierre. I directed him over the mountain road toward Fort de France. The last I saw of them they were trailing up the hill to the south, the old patriarch flaunting the tricolor at their head.

When we finally made our way up into the town it was to wade with difficulty through the gray-brown dust three inches deep in some places and nearly a foot in others, and over rocks, fragments of falling walls, iron girders, pieces of slate from house roofs, all jumbled together and rising in places to a height of ten feet. We saw between the crevices

of the rocks, and in places where the wind from the sea had blown the dust away, parts of bodies, an arm or a leg here, a part of a skull there, horribly mashed and emitting the most noxious of odors. In the first street up from the Rue Marine, running parallel with the seashore, we found an open and comparatively smooth stretch of ground strewn with hundreds of dead bodies. They lay in ghastly postures of sudden death, some across each other and all with faces down as if to escape something from above.

Not a shred of clothing was upon any of them, not a single hair. Five of the bodies hugged the walls of buildings as if death had come when the living persons had tried to get within the houses. It was the same all along this thoroughfare—La Rue St. Louis—for two blocks to the Rue Montparnasse, up the slope of which we climbed, to the Rue Victor Hugo, the principal thoroughfare and parade ground of old St. Pierre.

In this street we found sixty-two bodies within fifteen feet, some of them piled three or four deep and others nearly buried under the debris.

Many more were in front of the Hôtel de Ville (City Hall), a stately building of marble, shaped like an L, reaching around an open court once beautiful with tropical foliage, amid which two marble statues, typifying Justice and Mercy, stood unscathed amid the wreck and ruin all about them.

Three steps extending the length of thirty feet led from the street up to the level of the entrance to the court. On these steps were piled some forty human bodies.

THE CITY A VERITABLE CHARNEL-HOUSE

Half sheltered under a tree weighing hundreds of pounds that had been shot down the mountainside we found the body of a woman lying upon her back. On her right arm, in an apparently easy position, rested the body of an infant scarcely a year old. With hands stretched out toward them under one of the leafless branches of the tree was the body of a man, the finger-tips almost touching the body of the infant.

Less than a foot away were two bodies pressed close together, the right arm of one of them under the body of the other. One of the bodies was that of a man, the other a woman.

A figure, also that of a man, was stretched full length from the sidewalk to the last of the three steps with face looking upward and the arms crossed over it, as if shielding the face from a fury now unseen.

In the court we found eleven bodies, one of them that of a woman crouched close to the ground at the base of a marble bust. The body was almost entirely covered with dust.

We made a hasty search through the City Hall for papers that might lead to an identity of some of the thousands of victims of the volcano. We did not find a single scrap of paper, nor, as a matter of fact, a bit of wood save those of tree-trunks encountered here and there in the streets and occasionally in the interior of the houses. These had been forced from the mountainside by the force of the explosion of May 8 and had escaped destruction.

The only documents we found during our first exploration were inclosed in the big leather account book of an insurance agent. They were receipts for money paid for life insurance policies. The book was lying at the intersection of La Rue Phillippe and another street the name plate of which was no longer legible. Less than a foot away was the body of a man in a very extraordinary position. His forehead, knees and toes were the only parts that touched the ground and the arms were curled to make a resting-place for his face. The body was kept in this position by a gigantic boulder touching the right side of the torso.

In one of the stores in La Rue Phillippe, that of a jeweler, we found hundreds of watch crystals welded together by the heat of the ashes and dust that came from the volcano; spoons, clock faces and disjointed jewelry. At the rear end of the large store we saw an iron safe about three feet high. Leaning against it was the body of a man, his head touching the door of the safe and both knees squarely on the ground. The fingers of his brown right hand trailed half an inch deep in the dust and ashes and almost touched a bunch of keys.

FINDING THE DEAD IN CAFÉ AND CATHEDRAL

Further along this street we found the Café Ernest Renan, a favorite resort for the fashionables of St. Pierre. On the interior walls steel spiders, such as are used for broiling meats, metal coffee and tea pots and a silver wine-holder were hanging from nails. In the centre of the café we found four bodies, three men and one woman. They had apparently been facing each other, and at breakfast, when death overtook them, for in the centre of the irregular square made by their bodies was a coffee-pot and several dishes. In the bottom of the coffee-pot was a hardened mass of coffee grounds.

In the Cathedral, near the highest point of the city, it looked as if a large congregation had been scattered when the volcanic explosion came. The roof of the church had been blown away, but, strangely, the tower still remained. In the tangle of rocks, pillars, iron girders and ashes and dust we found many bodies, but most of them were almost entirely submerged by the ashes and dust. On the cathedral steps a score of bodies lay strewn.

We made our way to the Colonial Bank, the principal financial institution of the island of Martinique. In wrought letters on both of its bronze gates the name of the institution could be easily deciphered. There were nine bodies in the little court between these bronze gates and the building, with fourteen inside the building. Scattered around were

hundreds of small copper coins. In the American Consulate, where Mr. Prentis, the representative of the United States, lived with his wife and two children, we found five bodies. The bodies were not as well preserved as some others we saw nor as perfectly formed. Many of the hundreds of bodies that we saw during our stay were in advanced stages of decomposition, and attracted millions of great black flies and hundreds of rats, which scurried away at our approach.

Presently we stumbled into a schoolhouse. On one side of the room was a blackboard. There were some blurred chalk marks upon this board. Seven of the bodies lying among the débris were those of children apparently from five to eight years old. The other body was that of an adult woman.

THE RUINED ABODES OF THE RICH

On the outskirts of St. Pierre, down toward the open sea on the south, we found the ruins of what were once the villas and stately mansions of the well-to-do. There were two great iron gates at the head of the drive of royal palms, where the creole aristocracy of Martinique was fond of gathering. The gates were wrought in fancy designs and within the massive walls were beautiful gardens. The flowers and shrubbery were all covered with yellow volcanic dust. As we brushed and shook the fine dust from a few of them, we looked upon some of the most beautiful specimens of native orchids in the world. At the head of the drive, not a hundred feet from the ornamental gates, we came upon a fountain, shooting a fine spray four feet upward and tinkling a melodious refrain as it descended on the face of the ash-covered water in the fountain bed. It was the only sound to be heard save the swishing noise made by our boots as we plowed our way through the six inches of volcanic dust that covered everything. In the fountain we counted forty-six fish of brilliant coloring, and a ten-pound tortoise, diamond-backed and wonderful in the blue and green tints of its shell. All were floating belly upward—dead. On the veranda of the neighboring house, a two-story structure of stone and pressed brick, there were three feet of dust and small rocks. On it lay six bodies—a man, two women, a baby and a dog. The clothing of the women and child had been scorched away. In and about the house all the woodwork was burned away or charred, so that no idea could be gained of the manner of furniture or decorations. The ceilings and floor between the first and second stories had been burned away and the roof had blown upward. Amid the mass of dust-covered débris of the five rooms of the first floor were eleven rotting bodies, the horrid stench from which drew swarms of flies.

While we were moving about the town some of the walls crumbled and fell in and toward the end the unseen crater above began to send up a fine spray of grayish brown dust, which fell with the softness of snow, but smelled of sulphur. As we were pulling off to our despatch boat the volcano began to roar again and the density of the showers increased to blot out the torn buildings of St. Pierre and cover up the dead.

THE SECOND ERUPTION A PALL OF DUST

During the second eruption, that which sent down a greater volume of ashes and dust—there was no lava or fluid of any sort—the *Longfellow*, with the British gunboat *Indefatigable* and the American naval tug *Potomac*, stood out at sea five miles from St. Pierre and watched the great clouds of smoke and ash tumble down on St. Pierre, but not even the outlines of the buildings could be discerned or any part of Mont Pelée. The gray-brown cast fell on the three ships for more than four hours and the volcano rumbled throughout the entire afternoon and night. It was silent the next day and no dust fell, so that it was possible to invade St. Pierre again.

The effect of the second eruption was discernible at a glance. It had spread a thick gray-brown curtain, varying from six inches to two feet in depth, of ashes over the destruction it had previously wrought, covering up the bodies and leaving exposed only the thick stone walls of the houses it had torn asunder.

No effort was made to continue the work inaugurated by the French Government in burning the bodies, and it was decided to offer no obstacle to the complete obliteration of St. Pierre by the volcano.

M. Guermann, the governor of the island, who succeeded Governor Moutet, killed at St. Pierre, told me that no effort would be made to rebuild St. Pierre, but that the whole energy of the Colonial Government would be devoted to reassuring the 180,000 people who lived in other parts of Martinique and in repairing the damage done to their interests. He was receiving valuable assistance from the officers of the American, British, Danish, Dutch and French war vessels anchored in the harbor of Fort de France, twelve miles south from St. Pierre and sheltered by intervening mountain ranges.

Aside from the damage done in St. Pierre, where the destruction was utter and complete, the rest of the island of Martinique, which is one of the richest in vegetation in the world, suffered comparatively little damage that cannot be repaired as soon as the eruptions of Mont Pelée have ceased. The people of the island, as a rule, do not need outside aid, because nature most generously provides for their wants in the way of food and the liberal policy of the French Colonial Government permits them to secure the scant clothing that they require for almost nothing.

They were suffering from fright more than anything else. When we left Fort de France, thousands of frantic negroes were running up and down the waterfront clamoring to escape, but very few could be taken.

SCENES IN THE DEAD CITY OF ST. PIERRE



The Action of the Fiery Blast



Volcanic Dust

The Court-house Gate



The Jetty at Fort de France



Refugees at Fort de France



Ruins on the Water Front and in the Central Part of the City

THE STRICKEN ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE

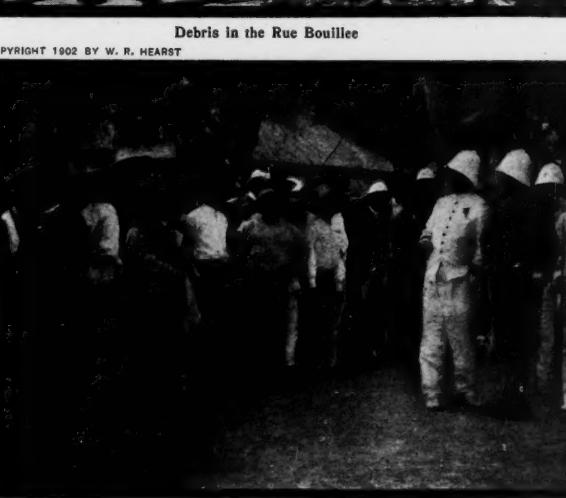
A Boatload of Refugees



Wreckage of Shops and Warehouses



A Street in St. Pierre



Refugees from Le Carbet at Fort de France





SONG OF PEACE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Author of "The Man with the Hoe," and Other Poems

DECORATION BY HOWARD PYLE

I

O BUGLES, ripple and shine—
Ripple and rapture down the wavering line !
Praise, praise, praise !
For the last of the desperate days.
Shake out the lyrical notes
From your cavernous, silvren throats !
Burst into joy—mad carollings again
To herald the homing men !

Let peace descend
Between foe and friend.
Peace over England, over Africa—
Peace on the dead gone downward from the day—
Peace on the hosts gone down with bated breath
To join the old democracy of Death.

II

THE challenge of the bugles and the glum
Rejoinder of the drum ;
The neigh of startled stallions ;
The parley of the howitzers, the shrill
Grim colloquy of hill with hill—
These had their fateful hour. And now, even now,
A bird sings on a cannon-broken bough—
Sings all the afternoon,
And when the dark falls
On the shot-torn walls
Frail wings will come to wander in the moon—
Wander in long delight
Through Africa's star-filled, delicious night.

III

WAR'S bitter root and yet so fair a flower !
Sing and be glad, O England, in this hour,
But not as one who has no grief to bear,
No memories, no burden, no despair.
Be glad, but not as one who has no grief ;
The roar of triumph wears a wintry leaf.

The clarions revel and the joy-bells rave,
Yet what is all the glory and the gain
To those wet eyes behind the misty pane ;
Whose Africa is crumpled to a grave,
A lone grave at the mercy of the rain ?

No, not the stern averment of the guns,
Nor all our odes, nor all our orisons,
Can sweeten these intolerable tears,
These silences that fall between the cheers.
In all the joy a memory sounds and dwells,
A heartbreak of heroical farewells.

IV

LET there be no more battles : field and flood
Are sick of bright shed blood.
Lay the sad swords asleep :
They have their fearful memories to keep.
These swords that in the dark of battle burned—
Burned upward with insufferable light,
Lay them asleep : heroic rest is earned.
And in their rest will be a kinglier might
Than ever flowered upon the front of fight.

And fold the flags : they weary of the day,
Worn by their wild climb in the wind's wild way
See now where they hollow and heap,
Tremulous, undulant banners, one by one,
Living and dying momently in the sun.
And war's imperious bugles, let them rest—
Bugles that cried through hurricane their hest :
They are aweary of that curdling cry
That tells men how to die.

And cannons worn out with the word of hell,
The brief, abrupt persuasion of the shell—
Let now the spider lock them, one by one,
With filmy cables glancing in the sun ;
And let the throstle in their empty throats
Build his safe nest and spill his rippling notes.



A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED

By ALFRED SUTRO, Author of "The Cave of Illusion," Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. B. EDY



SCENE.—*The Conservatory of No. 300 Grosvenor Square, Hour, close on midnight. A ball is in progress, and dreamy waltz music is heard in the distance.*

LADY ALINE DE VAUX enters, leaning on the arm of MR. HARRISON CROCKSTEAD.

CROCKSTEAD (looking around). Ah . . . this is the place. . . . Very quiet, retired, romantic—et cetera. Music in the distance

—all very appropriate and sentimental. You seem perfectly calm, Lady Aline?

ALINE (sitting). Conservatories are not

unusual appendages to a ballroom, Mr. Crockstead; nor is this conservatory unlike other conservatories.

CROCKSTEAD. I wonder why women are always so evasive?

ALINE. With your permission we will not discuss the sex. You and I are too old to be cynical, and too young to be appreciative. And, besides, it is a rule of mine, whenever I sit out a dance, that my cavalier shall avoid the subjects of women—and war.

CROCKSTEAD. You limit the area of conversation.—But then, in this particular instance, I take it we have not come here to talk?

ALINE (coldly). I beg your pardon?

CROCKSTEAD (sitting opposite her). Lady Aline, they are dancing a cotillon in there, so we have half an hour before us. We shall not be disturbed, for the Duchess, your aunt, has considerably stationed her aged companion in the corridor, with instructions to ward off intruders.

ALINE (very surprised). Mr. Crockstead!

CROCKSTEAD (looking hard at her). Didn't you know? (ALINE turns aside, embarrassed.) That's right—of course you did. Don't you know why I have brought you here?—That's right; of course you do. The Duchess, your aunt, and the Marchioness, your mother—observe how fondly my tongue trips out the titles—smiled sweetly on us as we left the ball-room. There will be a notice in the "Morning Post" to-morrow: "A marriage has been arranged between—"

ALINE (bewildered and offended). Mr. Crockstead! This is truly—this is—

CROCKSTEAD (always in the same quiet tone). Because I have not yet proposed, you mean? Of course I intend to, Lady Aline. Only as I know you will accept me—

ALINE (rising, in icy tones). Be good enough to take me to the ballroom.

CROCKSTEAD (quite undisturbed). Oh, please! That won't help us, you know. Do sit down. I assure you I have never proposed before, so that naturally I am a trifle nervous. (ALINE sits unwillingly; she is extremely angry.) Of course I know that we are only supers really, without much

of a speaking part; but the spirit moves me to gag, in the absence of the stage-manager, who is, let us say, the Duchess—

ALINE. I have heard of the New Humor, Mr. Crockstead, though I confess I have never understood it. This may be an exquisite example—

CROCKSTEAD. By no means. I am merely trying to do the right thing, though perhaps not the conventional one. Before making you the formal offer of my hand and fortune, which amounts to a little over three millions—

ALINE (fanning herself). How people exaggerate! Between six and seven, I heard.

CROCKSTEAD. Only three at present, but we must be patient. Before, as I say, metaphorically throwing myself at your feet, I am anxious that you should know something of the man whom you are about to marry.

ALINE. That is really most considerate!

CROCKSTEAD. I have the advantage of you, you see, inasmuch as you have many dear friends, who have told me all about you.

ALINE (with growing exasperation, but keeping very cool). Indeed?

CROCKSTEAD. I am aware, for instance, that this is your ninth season—

ALINE (snapping her fan). You are remarkably well-informed.

CROCKSTEAD. I have been told that again to-night, three times, by charming young women who vowed that they loved you. Now, as I have no dearest friends, it is unlikely that you will have heard anything equally definite concerning myself. I propose to enlighten you.

ALINE (satirically). The story of your life—how thrilling!

CROCKSTEAD. I trust you may find it so. Lady Aline, I am a self-made man, as the foolish phrase has it—a man whose early years were spent in savage and desolate places, where the devil had much to say: a man in whom whatever there once had been of natural kindness was very soon kicked out. I was poor, and lonely, for thirty-two years: I have been rich, and lonely, for ten. My millions have been made honestly enough; but poverty and wretchedness had left

CROCKSTEAD (cheerfully). Thank you very much.

ALINE. Not at all. Indeed, this conservatory being the Palace of Truth, I will admit that it was only by thinking hard of your three millions that I have been able to conceal the weariness I have felt in your society. And now—will you marry me, Mr. Crockstead?

CROCKSTEAD (serenely). I fancy that's what we're here for, isn't it?

ALINE (stampin her foot). I have of course been debarred from the disreputable amours on which you linger so fondly; but I loved a soldier cousin of mine, and would have eloped with him had my mother not packed me off in time. He went to India, and I stayed here; but he is the only man I have loved, or ever shall love. Further, let me tell you I am twenty-eight; I have always been poor—I hate poverty—and it has soured me no less than you. Dress is the thing in life I care for most, vulgarity my chief abomination. And, to be frank, I consider you the most vulgar person I have ever met.—Will you—will you still marry me, Mr. Crockstead?

CROCKSTEAD (with undiminished cheerfulness). Why not?

ALINE (rising). This is an outrage. Am I a horse, do you think, or a ballet-dancer? Do you imagine I will sell myself to you for your three millions?

CROCKSTEAD. Logic, my dear Lady Aline, is evidently not one of your more special possessions. For, observe, had it not been for my . . . somewhat eccentric preliminaries . . . you would have accepted me, would you not?

ALINE (embarrassed) . . . I . . .

CROCKSTEAD. If I had said to you, timidly: "Lady Aline, I love you; I am a simple, unsophisticated person; will you marry me?"—you would have answered, "Yes, Harrison, I will."

ALINE (fanning herself). It is a mercy to have escaped marrying a man with such a Christian name as Harrison.

CROCKSTEAD. It abbreviates pleasantly into Harry, you know; but it is a strange thing that I am always called Harrison, and that no one ever adopts the diminutive.

ALINE. That does not surprise me; we have no pet name for the east wind.

CROCKSTEAD. The possession of millions, you see, Lady Aline, puts you into eternal quarantine. It is a kind of yellow fever, with the difference that people are perpetually anxious to catch your complaint. But we digress. To return to this question of our marriage—

ALINE. I beg your pardon?

CROCKSTEAD. I presume that it is—arranged?

ALINE (haughtily). Mr. Crockstead, let me remind you that frankness has its limits; exceeding these, it is apt to degenerate into impertinence. Be good enough to conduct me to the ballroom. (She moves to the door.)

CROCKSTEAD. You have five sisters, I believe, Lady Aline? (ALINE stops short.) All younger than yourself, all marriageable, and all unmarried?

(ALINE hangs her head, and is silent.)

CROCKSTEAD. Your father—

ALINE (nervously). Not a word of my father!

CROCKSTEAD. Your father is a gentleman. The breed is rare, and very fine when you get it. But he is exceedingly poor. People marry for money nowadays; and your mother will be very unhappy if this marriage of ours falls through.

ALINE. Is it to oblige my mother, then, that you desire to marry me?

CROCKSTEAD. Well, no. But you see I must marry some one, in mere self-defence; and, honestly, I think you will do at least as well as any one else.

(ALINE bursts out laughing.)

CROCKSTEAD. That strikes you as funny?

ALINE. If you had the least grain of chivalrous feeling you would realize that the man who could speak to a woman as you have spoken to me— (She pauses.)

CROCKSTEAD. Yes?

ALINE. I leave you to finish the sentence.

CROCKSTEAD. Thank you. I will finish it my own way. I will say that when a woman deliberately tries to wring an offer



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Panorama of St. Pierre before the Eruption



Going to the Memorial Service at Fort de France



Native Soldier



The "Roddam" Sailors in the Hospital after the Eruption



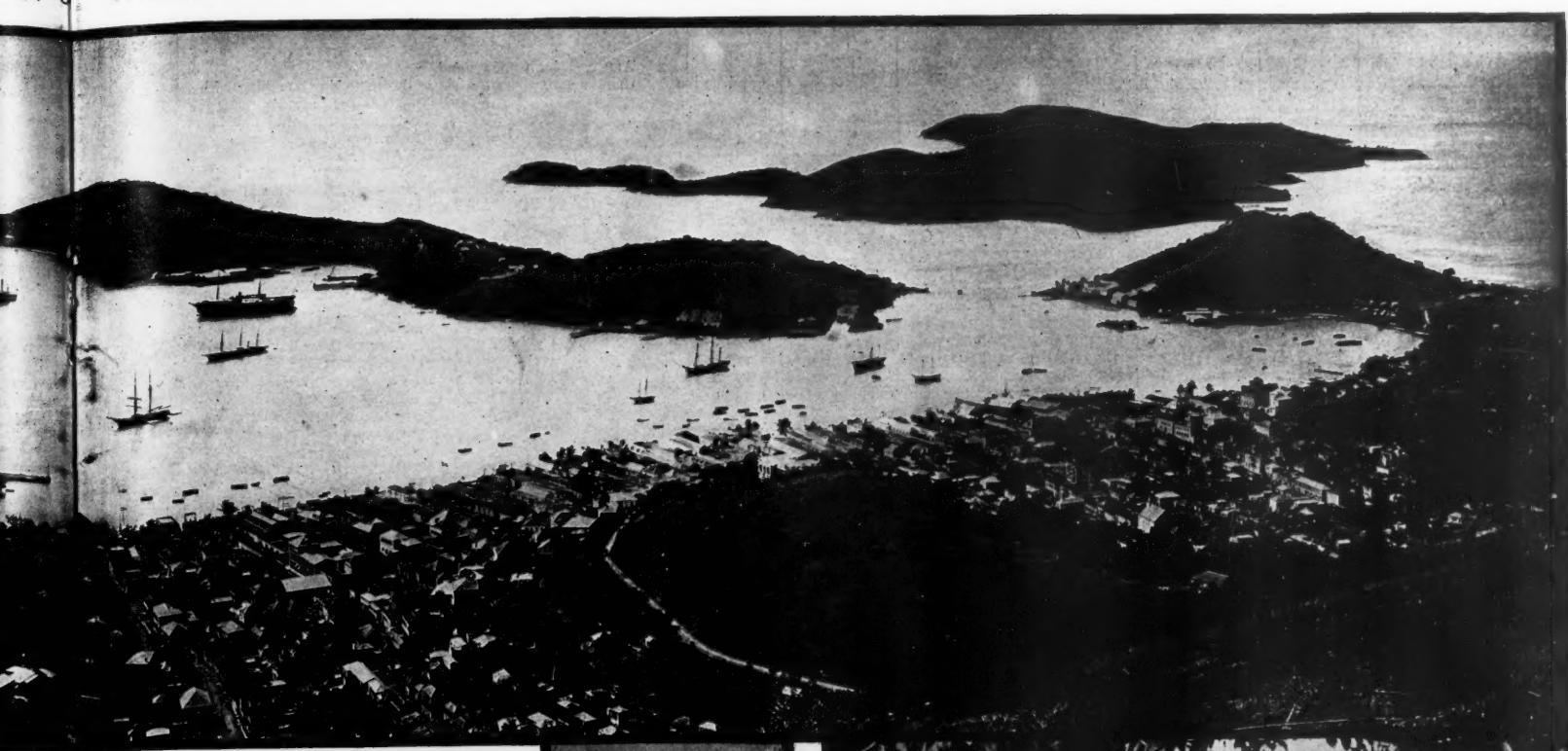
The Crumbling Walls and Littered Streets of St. Pierre



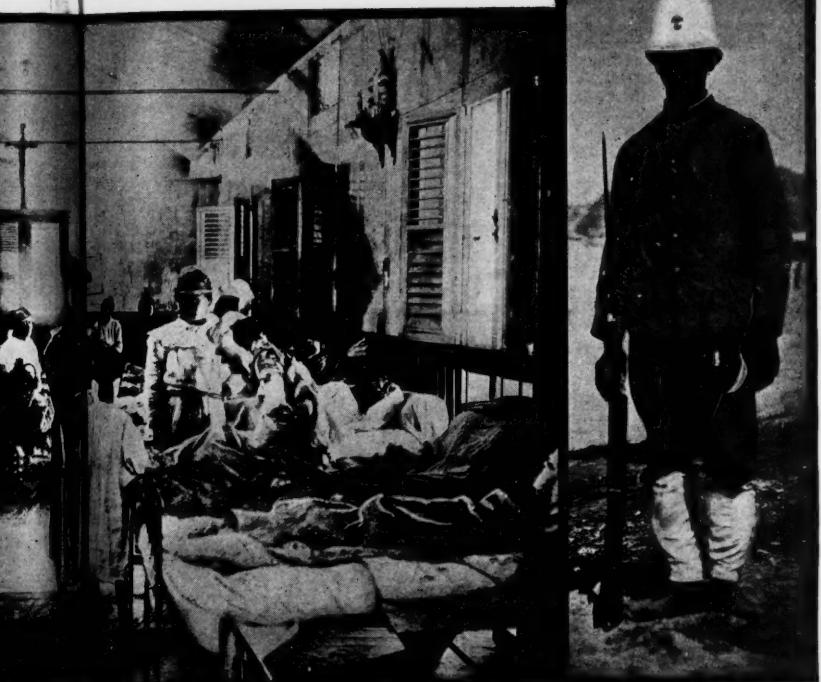
The Desolated Village of Precheur at the Foot of the Volcano

THE ANNIHILATION

VIEWS OF THE ISLAND OF MARTINIQUE BEFORE AND AFTER

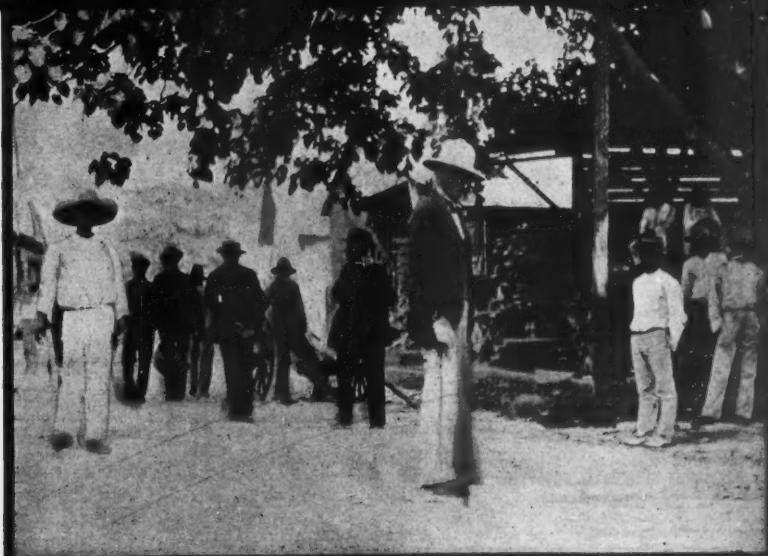


St. Pierre before the Eruption of Mont Pelée

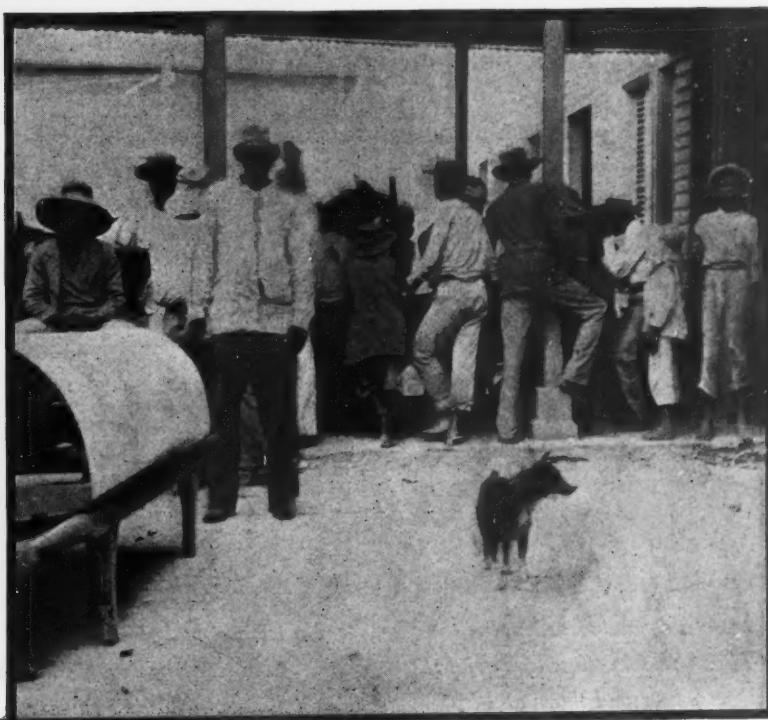


Sailors in the Hospital at Fort de France

Native Soldier



Homeless Islanders in the Streets of Fort de France



Some of those who escaped from the Interior

Debris at the Foot of the Dust-covered Hillside

ST. PIERRE AFTER MONT PELEE'S DEATH-DEALING ERUPTION

of marriage from a man whom she does not love, she deserves to be spoken to as I have spoken to you, Lady Aline.

ALINE (*scornfully*). Love! What has love to do with marriage?

CROCKSTEAD. That remark rings hollow. You have been good enough to tell me of your cousin, whom you did love—

ALINE. Well?



"You do me too much honor"

CROCKSTEAD. And with whom you would have eloped, had your mother not prevented you.

ALINE. I most certainly should.

CROCKSTEAD. So you see that at one period of your life you thought differently.—You were fond of him?

ALINE. I have told you.

CROCKSTEAD (*meditatively*). If I had been he, mother or no mother, money or no money, I would have carried you off. . . . I fancy it must be pleasant to be loved by you, Lady Aline.

ALINE (*with a mock courtesy*). You do me too much honor.

CROCKSTEAD (*still thoughtful*). Next to being king, it is good to be maker of kings. Where is this cousin now?

ALINE. In America. But might I suggest that we have exhausted the subject?

CROCKSTEAD. Do you remember your Arabian Nights, Lady Aline?

ALINE. Vaguely.

CROCKSTEAD. You have at least not forgotten that sublime Caliph Haroun Al-Raschid?

ALINE. Oh, no—but why?

CROCKSTEAD. We millionaires are the Caliphs to-day; and we command more faithful servants than ever bowed to them. And, like that old scoundrel Haroun, we may at times permit ourselves a respectable impulse. What is your cousin's address?

ALINE. Again I ask you—why?

CROCKSTEAD. I will put him in a position to marry you.

ALINE (*in extreme surprise*). What!

CROCKSTEAD. Oh, don't be alarmed, I'll manage it pleasantly. I'll give him tips, shares, speculate for him, make him a director of one or two of my companies. He shall have an income of four thousand a year. You can live on that.

ALINE. You are not serious?

CROCKSTEAD. Oh, yes; and though men may not like me, they always trust my word. You may.

ALINE. Why will you do this thing?

CROCKSTEAD. Call it caprice—call it mere vulgar desire to let my magnificence dazzle you—call it the less vulgar desire to know that my money has made you happy with the man you love.

ALINE (*moved*). That is generous.

CROCKSTEAD. I remember an old poem I learned at school—which told how Frederick the Great coveted a mill which adjoined a favorite estate of his; but the miller refused to sell. Frederick could have turned him out, of course—there was no County Council in those days—but he respected the miller's firmness, and left him in solid possession. And mark that, at that very same time, he annexed—in other words, stole—the province of Silesia.

ALINE. Ah . . .

CROCKSTEAD.

"Ce sont là des jeux de Princes:
Ils respectent un meunier,
Ils volent une province."

"Shall we return?"



ALINE. You speak French?

CROCKSTEAD. I am fond of it. It is the true and native language of insincerity.

ALINE. And yet you seem sincere.

CROCKSTEAD. I am permitting myself that luxury to-night. I am uncorking, let us say, the one bottle of '47 port left in my cellar.

ALINE. You are not quite fair to yourself, perhaps.

CROCKSTEAD. Do not let this action of mine cause you too suddenly to alter your opinion. The verdict you pronounced before was, on the whole, just.

ALINE. What verdict?

CROCKSTEAD. I was the most unpleasant person you ever had met.

ALINE. That—was an exaggeration.

CROCKSTEAD. The most repulsive—

ALINE (*quickly*). I did not say that.

CROCKSTEAD. And who prided himself on his repulsiveness. Very true, in the main, and yet consider! My wealth dates back ten years; till then I had known hunger, and every kind of sorrow and despair. I had stretched out longing arms to the world, but not a heart opened to me. And suddenly, when the taste of men's cruelty was bitter in my mouth, capricious fortune snatched me from abject poverty and gave me delirious wealth. I was plowing a barren field, and dung up a nugget. From that moment gold dogged my footsteps. I enriched the few friends I had—they turned howling from me because I did not give them more. I showered money on whoever sought it of me—they cursed me because it was mine to give. In my poverty there had been the bond of common sorrow between me and my fellows; in my wealth I stand alone, a modern Ishmael, with every man's hand against me.

ALINE (*gently*). Why do you tell me this?

CROCKSTEAD. Because I am no longer asking you to marry me. Because you are the first person in all these years who has been truthful and frank with me. And because, perhaps, in the happiness that will, I trust, be yours I want you to think kindly of me. And now, shall we return to the ballroom? The music has stopped; they must be going to supper.

ALINE (*archly*). What shall I say to the Marchioness, my mother, and the Duchess, my aunt?

CROCKSTEAD. You will acquaint these noble ladies with the fact of your having refused me.

ALINE. I shall be a nine days' wonder. And how do you propose to carry out your little scheme?

CROCKSTEAD. I will take Saturday's boat—you will give me a line to your cousin. I had better state the case plainly to him, perhaps?

ALINE. That demands consideration.

CROCKSTEAD. And I tell you what you shall do for me in return. Find me a wife!

ALINE. I?

CROCKSTEAD. You. I beg it on my knees. I give you carte-blanche. I undertake to propose, with my eyes shut, to the woman you shall select.

ALINE. And you will treat her to the . . . little preliminaries . . . with which you have favored me?

CROCKSTEAD. No. I said those things to you because I liked you.

ALINE. And you don't intend to like the other lady?

CROCKSTEAD. I will marry her. I can trust you to find me a loyal and intelligent woman.

ALINE. In Society?

CROCKSTEAD. For preference. She will be better versed in spending money than a governess, or country rector's daughter.

ALINE. But why this voracity for marriage?

CROCKSTEAD. Do you realize my position? I was in a French village once, where there were many sportsmen, and no sport. Suddenly the intelligence spread that a rabbit had been seen. Every man and boy turned out with his gun, and scoured the country for weeks.

ALINE. They shot it?

CROCKSTEAD. In the end, though the rabbit was wary. Lady Aline, I am haunted, pestered, worried out of existence by the persecutions of your sex. I have settled two breach of promise actions already, though Heaven knows I did no more than remark it was a fine day, or inquire after the lady's health. If you do not help me, some energetic woman will capture me—I feel it—and bully me for the rest of my days. I raise a despairing cry to you—Find me a wife!

ALINE. Do you desire the lady to have any—special qualifications?

CROCKSTEAD. No—the home-grown article will suit me very well. One thing, though—I should like her to be . . . merciful.

ALINE. I don't understand.

CROCKSTEAD. I have a vague desire to do something with my money: my wife might help me. I should like her to have pity.

ALINE. Pity?

CROCKSTEAD. In the midst of her wealth I should wish her to . . . be sorry for those who are poor.

ALINE (*nods*). Yes. And as regards the rest—

CROCKSTEAD. The rest I leave to you, with absolute confidence. You will help me?

ALINE. I will try. My choice to be final?

CROCKSTEAD. Absolutely.

ALINE. I have an intimate friend—no, not one of those you know—I wonder whether she would do?

CROCKSTEAD. Tell me about her.

ALINE. She and I made our début the same season. Like myself, she has hitherto been her mother's despair.



"You would not respect her"

CROCKSTEAD. Because she has not yet—

ALINE. Married—yes. Oh, if men knew how hard the lot is of the portionless girl, who has to sit, and smile, and wait, with a very desolate heart . . . they would think less unkindly of her, perhaps . . . (with a smile). But I am dressing, too.

CROCKSTEAD. Tell me more of your friend.

ALINE. She is outwardly hard, and a trifle bitter, but I fancy sunshine would thaw her. There has not been much happiness in her life.

CROCKSTEAD. Would she marry a man she did not love?

ALINE. If she did, you would not respect her?

CROCKSTEAD. I don't say that. She will be your choice, and therefore deserving of confidence. Is she handsome?

ALINE. Well . . . no.

CROCKSTEAD (*with a quick glance at her*). That's a pity. But we can't have everything.

ALINE. No.—There is one episode in her life that I feel she would like you to know—

CROCKSTEAD. If you are not betraying a confidence—

ALINE (*looking down*). No . . . She loved a man, years ago, very dearly. They were too poor to marry, but they vowed to wait. Within six months she learned that he was engaged.

CROCKSTEAD. Ah . . .

ALINE. To a fat and wealthy widow—

CROCKSTEAD. The old story.

ALINE. An American, who was touring through India, and had been made love to by every unmarried officer in the regiment. She chose him.

CROCKSTEAD (*meaningly*). India?

ALINE. Yes.

CROCKSTEAD. I have an idea that I shall like your friend.

ALINE. I shall be careful to tell her all that you said to me—at the beginning—



"Will you be my wife, Aline?"

CROCKSTEAD. It is quite possible that my remarks . . . may not apply, after all—

ALINE. But I believe, myself, from what I know of you both . . . that if she married you . . . it will not be . . . altogether . . . for your money.

CROCKSTEAD. Listen—they're playing "God Save the King." Will you be my wife, Aline?

ALINE. Yes . . . Harry . . .

(He takes her arm and passes it through his, and looks as though he meant to kiss her.)

[CURTAIN.]

THE GARDEN DESOLATE

By Henry Tyrrell

No tempest had marked it with terror,

No tragedy haunted its shade;

A moth flitted by unafraid;

The thrushes I could not see,

But heard them dreamily.

In the distance some gray gulls were circling

O'er the river that yearns to the sea.

The brooding of Lombardy poplars,

Their irrepressible sigh

To the wide, the wistful sky,

The clew to this garden gave—

In their loneliness proud and grave,

In their spire-like and sweet melancholy,

The clew to my heart's mood gave.

I walked in a desolate garden,
'Twas lulled in a spell of grief:
From flower and thorn and leaf
Shyly a tear of dew
Hung, and the wan sun threw
O'er the wet grass a ripple of sadness
That sorrow's self never knew.

LORD PAUNCEFOTE

By Walter Wellman

LORD PAUNCEFOTE of Preston, his Britannic Majesty's Ambassador at Washington, died in that city Saturday morning, May 24, after a long illness. On that day the statue to Rochambeau was unveiled in Lafayette Park, facing the White House, a ceremony in which the Diplomatic Corps bore a prominent part. Though the Dean of the Corps lay dead, there was not time in which to postpone the functions. President Roosevelt drove from the gala scene to the British Embassy, there to extend condolences to the stricken family.

Lord Pauncefote was easily the foremost diplomatist at Washington. He was the leader of the corps, not alone on account of his seniority in the Ambassadorial or highest rank, but because of the country which he represented and his personality. He had been thirteen years at Washington, and was the first Ambassador recognized by our government. It is scarcely necessary to point out the difference between an Ambassador and a Minister Plenipotentiary. The latter represents his government alone. The former is looked upon as the personal representative of his sovereign; he is accredited to the head of the government at whose seat he is to reside rather than to the government itself. An Ambassador therefore takes precedence of a Minister; and some of the most troublesome questions of etiquette at Washington have arisen through doubt as to the proper placing of Ambassadors in relation to home officials. Lord Pauncefote always claimed an Ambassador's rightful place is next the head of the state, as the personal envoy of the head of another state. While he has been a stickler for what he regarded as proper recognition of the dignity of Ambassadors, he has never been narrow or troublesome. When mistakes occurred through ignorance he laughed them off, but endeavored to prevent their recurrence.

As Dean of the Diplomatic Corps, Lord Pauncefote was also a leader of society in the foreign set. He and Lady Pauncefote were social arbiters. Disputes and feuds are constantly arising in Washington official society over questions of form and etiquette. Lord and Lady Pauncefote always decided these when the Diplomatic Corps was concerned; and their decisions were marked by a democratic spirit, by good sense and breadth of view. Both were exceedingly popular in society.

Unusual honors were paid by the American Government to the memory of the dead diplomatist. The President and his Cabinet attended the funeral; the troops were ordered out as a guard of honor; an American warship is to convey the remains back to England. These facts speak eloquently of the esteem in which the Ambassador was held at Washington. That Secretary Hay and Lord Pauncefote were for many years warm personal friends is well known. It is not so well known that between the late President McKinley and Lord Pauncefote there existed a close friendship, and that Theodore Roosevelt and his family were intimate with the diplomat and his family before Mr. Roosevelt became President. When Lord Pauncefote was Under-Secretary of State at London he had among his guests the then almost unknown Theodore Roosevelt of New York.

As a diplomatist Lord Pauncefote had two strong tendencies. They might be called his fads. One was his love of peace, his devotion to the cause of international arbitration as a preventive of war. The other was his great desire to promote friendly relations between the United States and Great Britain. Though never forgetting the interests of his government, he was ever in favor of amicable settlement of all difficulties arising between his country and ours. In this respect he was able to be of inestimable service to both nations—more than the world yet knows of. When President Cleveland and Secretary of State Olney made their Venezuelan onslaught upon Great Britain, Lord Pauncefote's influence with his government was almost decisive in favor of a peaceful settlement. Without him there might or might not have been war; but men who know the true inwardness of that episode aver that civilization owes a debt of gratitude to the Ambassador for the part he played.

Lord Pauncefote's long and distinguished career was clouded at its close by revelations concerning his attitude toward the American Government just before the outbreak of the war with Spain. Not long before his death the Ambassador said to his intimate friends that he should never recover from the pain and shock which he had felt over his misunderstanding with other members of the Diplomatic Corps at Washington. He felt they had treated him with great injustice, that they had betrayed diplomatic secrets with the purpose of giving a certain appearance to events in which he had participated, and that they had not been fair enough to reveal all of the truth. He was urged by his family and friends to defend himself, to make a public statement; but he resolutely refused, saying if others had vio-

lated the ethics of the diplomatic profession that was no reason why he should do so. Though silent, he carried his bitterness to the grave.

Whatever the truth may have been about that much-discussed episode, it made no change in the feeling toward him entertained by President McKinley, members of the Cabinet, Senators and others who knew all the circumstances. They never believed he was unfriendly to the United States, though perhaps a trifle too zealous in his favorite rôle of peacemaker. Lord Pauncefote was a man of giant frame, of hearty, cordial manners, of democratic ways.

The Spring Unfaith

O THOU the thought of whom makes all my happiness,

One fear to-day can blind me to the red
That blushes through the trees beneath the
spring's caress,

One fear blot out the light from overhead,
And hush the whirr of wings within the
wood recess,

Until the ways that pulse with promise and
With song

Grow gray and silent and the end of them is
long.

Nay, not that, dying, thou shouldst rob life
of all worth,

The fear; but this—that I some year
should see

The sap burst riotous to leaf, the rigid earth
Outbreak in ripples of anemone,

The hollows bring their dusky violets to
birth—

And that my faithless veins with old-time joy
would thrill,
Though thine eyes were fast holden and thy
blood were still.

ANNE O'HAGAN.

Discussion Among Women

ALTHOUGH the broadening influence of clubs has done much for women in giving them a wider point of view than they formerly possessed, the discussion of any subject, even remotely connected with themselves and their interests, still suffers, first, from the inability of so many feminine speakers to stick to the point, and, secondly, from their being unable to get away from the personal point of view.

If you are so unfortunate as to say anything slightly derogatory to men every woman with a husband will glare fiercely at you and dare you to say anything more about her husband. As for the engaged girls, they will be aghast at the thought of such blasphemy. And if you say that perhaps the children of to-day are not quite as well brought up as in former times, every woman with even a six-weeks-old baby will be on her feet in an instant, and declare in freezing tones that she has children of her own and she knows that they are much better brought up than they used to be. Then, realizing that it is impossible to be impersonal, you forsake men, women, children and even dogs to soar aloft beyond the region of personalities, and gently insinuate that in astronomy there may yet be something to learn about the heavenly bodies. Here you feel quite safe, when lo! a small woman rises in the back of the room, and with blood in her eye says that she has a cousin who is the intimate friend of a great astronomer, and that out of respect to her cousin she does not think that such "perfectly awful" things should be said about astronomers!

And as for sticking to the point! If you speak of good housekeeping you are immediately deluged with cake receipts; and should you dare to assert that political parties are corrupt, some woman whose husband used to be an alderman will send in her resignation, saying that she never was so insulted in all her life!

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White Butcher's Linen

Pale Blue Lawn Embroidered

The Gibson Waist

SHIRT-WAISTS FOR THE SUMMER GIRL OF 1902

SO ELABORATE are some of this year's offerings that "shirt-waists" seems almost a misnomer for them. They are dainty affairs of soft India mull, sheer lawn or dimity trimmed with embroidery or lace or insertion. A very dressy effect shown here is of tucked white India mull, inserted across the front, back and sleeves, at intervals of about three inches, with wide Valenciennes lace. This waist also shows the new sleeve that bags a trifle at the wrist. The cuffs and collar of this waist are made of single bands of lace. Waists similar to this in pattern, when worn with a white canvas skirt, make a toilette appropriate for any afternoon or evening function. Another pretty white waist is of lawn with an embroidered floral spray on either side of the front plait, the main trimming consisting of clusters of tiny tucks alternated by rows of narrow Valenciennes insertion.

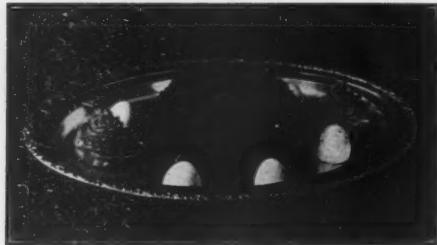
The short-sleeved waist has returned to us this season, and some very smart effects are seen in elbow and three-quarter lengths. Not only should the daintiness of the short sleeve recommend it, but its additional charms of coolness and comfort ought to sound a strong note in its favor when the warm days arrive. One of the short-sleeved waists on this page is of sheer mull in robin's-egg blue, a shade always popular and attractive. Clusters of short tucks form at the shoulders and give sufficient fulness above the waist-line. Beneath the tucks

extending across the front is an exquisite hand-embroidered spray. Embroidery beading through which a black velvet ribbon is laced finishes off the half-sleeves and also forms the soft low collar. Another pretty waist has the three-quarter sleeve. This is of pale-blue lawn, the front and sleeves showing a rich design in fine embroidery and small tucks. Ruffles of embroidery finish off the sleeves.

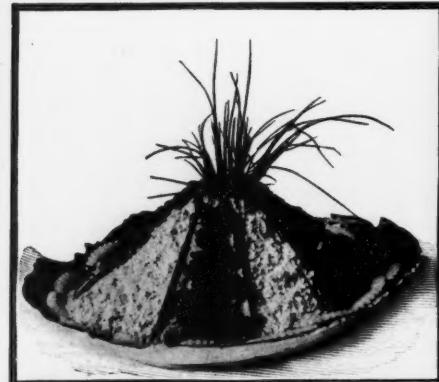
The "Dutch neck" waist—a quaint, old-fashioned idea that we have borrowed from our great-grandmother's wardrobe—is making a bid for popularity this season, and it has the same qualities in its favor possessed by the short-sleeved waist: it is dainty, cool and comfortable; moreover, it gives a charmingly girlish effect.

As to the shirt-waist that really is all that the name implies there is little in the way of novelty. The Gibson waist seems to be as popular as it has been all winter, with the woman of slender build whose shoulders slope sufficiently to permit her crossing them satisfactorily with the broad Gibson plaits. The Gibson waist shown here is of white butcher's linen stitched in black with a stock to match—a smart style for the tailor-made suit. Another tailored style is made of white linen with a pocket. This is one of the few special novelties of the season. The pocket, shoulder-straps and cuffs are stitched in black.

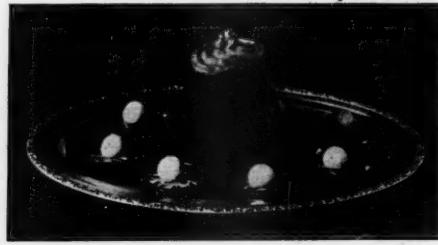
SOME EASILY MADE VEGETABLE DISHES—By Gesine Lemcke



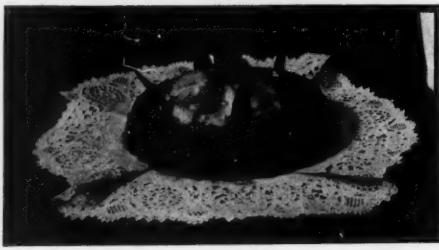
Spinach Mousse



Prince Henry Salad



Egg-plant a la Creole



Tuxedo Salad

IN SUMMER TIME one should affect a vegetable diet, but any diet palls which lacks variety. The following easily-made dishes may serve to add to the housewife's list of green courses—they are seasonable novelties:

To prepare Spinach Mousse, put half a peck of well-washed spinach in a saucepan of boiling water; add half a tablespoonful of salt, and cook three minutes from the time it begins to boil; remove, drain, and chop the spinach fine, then weigh it. There should be two pounds. Melt two tablespoonfuls butter, add one heaping tablespoonful flour, stir and cook two minutes; add one cupful milk, and cook to a thick, smooth sauce; remove from the fire, pour the sauce into the spinach and add four well beaten eggs; season with salt and pepper, mix all well together, pack the spinach in a well-buttered melon mold; place this in a steamer and cook for one hour. Shortly before serving, turn the mousse on to a warm dish; rub the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs through a sieve and decorate the top of the spinach with it; garnish with hard-boiled eggs cut in half.

Another excellent dish for summer dinners is Egg-plant à la Crème. This is a much-neglected vegetable, deserving of a greater popularity. To prepare the créme, put a large fresh egg-plant in boiling water, cook five minutes, remove and drain. When cold, cut off the top and scoop out the inside.

Cook one tablespoonful of fine-chopped white onion in one tablespoonful of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of chopped mushrooms and two tablespoonfuls of chopped green peppers; cook few minutes without browning; then add three slices of stale bread that have been soaked in water, stir and cook five minutes. Remove from fire, season with half a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter teaspoonful of pepper, and add two whole eggs. Put this filling into the eggplant and replace the top as a cover. Lay a square piece of cheesecloth on the table, and place a few thin slices of larding pork on the cloth; put the egg-plant on top and roll it in the cloth; tie the cloth on both ends and put it in a deep round pan; add half a can of tomatoes, one ounce of butter, half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, a little pepper, half a tablespoonful of fine-chopped onions and green peppers, and half a cupful of stock or sour cream. Cover the pan tightly, place it in a medium hot oven to bake one hour. Shortly before serving, remove the egg-plant, free it from the cloth, place it on a warm dish and garnish with baked tomatoes and potato balls. Rub the tomatoes in which the egg-plant was cooked through a sieve and serve them with the egg-plant. If mushrooms are not to be had, they may be omitted. Nothing is more delicious for a hot-day luncheon than a vegetable

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salad. Here are recipes for two delicious ones, the first an entirely new mixture named, in honor of our royal visitor of last spring, "Prince Henry Salad."

Scrape, wash and cut into slices one good-sized carrot; lay several slices over one another and cut them into small strips like straws. Place the carrots in a saucepan, cover with boiling water, add half a teaspoonful of sugar and cook until tender. Drain and set aside to cool. Cook half a pint of green peas in water with a little salt; when done, drain and add them to the carrots; add to these half a pint of fine-cut boiled potatoes, half a pint of finely shaved cabbage, two fine-cut boiled beans and three fine-cut hard-boiled eggs. Make the salad dressing as follows: Put the yolks of three eggs into a bowl, set in cracked ice, stir three minutes, adding slowly one cupful of oil while stirring constantly; then add one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of English mustard and, as the dressing thickens, add slowly one tablespoonful of white vinegar, one tablespoonful of fine-chopped onion and capers, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, and half a pint of whipped cream. Mix half of this dressing with the vegetables, dress the salad in the centre of a salad dish, cover it with the remaining dressing, and garnish with fine-chopped beets, the whites of hard-boiled eggs, caviare, and put a small bunch of chives in the centre.

The second salad mentioned is the Tuxedo Salad, and is prepared as follows: Place one can of tomatoes in a saucepan over the fire, add one teaspoonful each of butter, salt and sugar, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper, and cook ten minutes. Then pour the tomatoes into a sieve, rub them through, and return them to the saucepan. Soak one ounce of gelatine in half a cup of cold water until soft; add this to the tomatoes, stir over the fire until dissolved, then pour into a mold and set in a cool place until firm. Put the yolks of two eggs into a small double boiler; add two tablespoonfuls each of salad oil and white vinegar; stir over the fire until this thickens, then remove at once, and when cold add slowly two more tablespoonfuls of oil, stirring constantly. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar and three-quarters of a cupful of whipped cream. Put one cupful each of fine-cut white celery and fine-cut fresh pineapple into a bowl; cook one cupful of pecan nuts ten minutes in salted water; drain, break the nuts into small pieces and add them to the mixture in the bowl; mix this with half the mayonnaise, unmold the tomato into a round dish, put the salad in the centre, and garnish with pineapple leaves and thin slices of pineapple, cut with a scalloped cutter into crescent shapes.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

THE NEXT ISSUE of COLLIER'S will be devoted largely to the interests of the college man and the sweet girl graduate. In the Woman's Department there will be a short paper on "The Egoism of the College Girl," by Eleanor Hoyt; a descriptive article on the graduation ceremonies of various colleges, by Alice K. Fallows; and some rhymes by Madeline Bridges on "The Sweet Girl Graduate." The fiction of the number is a delightful story by Jesse Lynch Williams—"The Girl and the Graduate." The cover of the number is an exquisite design in color by Violet Oakley.

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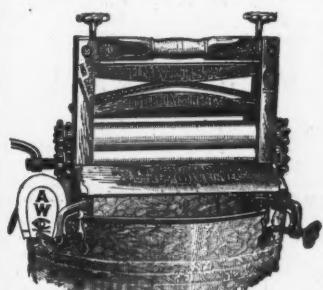
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ARE HOMOGENEOUS DIVORCE LAWS in ALL STATES DESIRABLE

By Mrs Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

THERE HAS BEEN much discussion of late in regard to an entire revision of the laws on divorce. The State proposes a committee of learned judges, the Church another of distinguished bishops, giving us a national law indorsed by both Church and State. Though women are as deeply interested as men in this question, there is no suggestion of their presence on either committee. Hence the importance of some expression of their opinions before any changes are made.

As judges and bishops are proverbially conservative, their tendency would be to make the laws in the free States more restrictive than they now are and thus make it more difficult for wives to escape from unhappy marriages; as the States having liberal divorce laws are to women what Canada was to the slaves before emancipation. The applicants for divorce are chiefly women, as Naquet's bill, which passed the Chamber of Deputies of France some years ago, abundantly proves. In the first year there were three thousand applications, the greater number by women.

Unhappy husbands have many ways of mitigating their miseries impossible to wives, who are financial dependents and burdened with children. Husbands could easily leave the country and invest their property in foreign lands. Laws affect only those who respect and obey them, and those made to restrain unprincipled men fall with crushing weight on women. A young woman with property of her own can now free herself from an unworthy husband by spending a year in a State having liberal divorce laws, and in due time marry again. Because an inexperienced girl has made a mistake, perhaps owing partly to her advisers, shall she be denied the right to marry again?

We can trace the icy fingers of the canon law in all our most sacred relations; through its evil influences the Church holds the key to the situation and is determined to keep it. At the Triennial Episcopal Convention, held in Washington, D. C., some years ago, bishops, with closed doors, discussed the questions of marriage and divorce, a large majority of whom were in favor of the most restrictive canons; although an auxiliary convention was held at the same time, composed of fifteen hundred women, members of the same Church, they had no part in the discussion, covering a dozen or more canon laws.

A recent writer on this subject says: "There is no doubt that the sentiment in the Episcopal Church, at least among the clergy, is strongly in favor of the Church setting its face firmly against divorce." An evidence of this is the circulation of a petition to the Convention requesting that it adopt some stringent rule for this purpose, which has already received the signatures of about two thousand of the clergy. The proposition to adopt a stringent canon received the undivided support of the High Church ministers and finds many supporters in the Low Church.

The question of marriage and divorce, and the attitude the Church should take toward divorced persons who wish to marry again, has been up before many General Conventions. The attitude of the Episcopal Church has always been strongly against divorce, particularly against the marriage of divorced persons. The Catholic Church takes a still narrower ground, positively declining to recognize such an institution.

As early as the year 1009, it was enacted by the Church authorities of England that a Christian should never marry a divorced woman. Down to 1857, it was necessary that a private act of Parliament should be passed in order that a divorce could be obtained. In 1857 the State took action looking toward the granting of divorces by the courts without the interposition of Parliament, but this action has not been sanctioned by the Church of England. This has brought about a peculiar state of affairs in that country and has led to considerable confusion. The Church, therefore, forbids the marriage of either, save in the case of the innocent party for the cause of adultery. But as the State permits the marriage of divorced parties, the ministers of the Church of England were put in an awkward

position, for, as such, they were forbidden to marry these persons; but as the Church is allied to the State, and to a certain extent subject to it, a number of them believed it their civil duty to perform such marriages, and did so in violation of the canonical law. The agitation over this question has attracted a great deal of attention during the last few years, and is looked upon as being one of the causes which may lead to a disestablishment of the Church of England.

Marriage should be regarded as a civil contract, entirely under the jurisdiction of the State. The less latitude the Church has in our temporal affairs the better. If we accord her our immortal interests and the whole realm of eternity she should be satisfied.

Lord Brougham says: "Before women can have any justice by the laws of England there must be a total reconstruction of the whole marriage system, for any attempt to amend it would prove useless."

"The Great Charter, in establishing the supremacy of law over prerogative, provided only for justice between man and man; for women, justice is left but common law, accumulations and modifications of original Gothic and Roman heathenism, which no amount of filtration through ecclesiastical courts could change into Christian laws. They are declared unworthy a Christian people by great jurists; still they remain unchanged."

There is a demand just now for an amendment to the Constitution, that shall make the laws of marriage and divorce the same in all the States of the Union. As the suggestion comes uniformly from those who consider the present divorce laws too liberal, we may infer that the proposed national law is to place the whole question on a narrower basis, rendering

null and void the laws that have been passed in a broader spirit, according to the needs and experiences in certain sections of the sovereign people. And here let us bear in mind that the widest possible law would not make divorce obligatory on any one; while a restricted law, on the contrary, would compel many, marrying perhaps under more liberal laws, to remain in uncongenial relations.

As we are still in the experimental stage on this question, we are not qualified to make a perfect law that would work satisfactorily over so vast an area as our boundaries now embrace. I see no evidence in what has been published on this question

of late by statesmen, ecclesiasts, lawyers and judges that any of them has thought sufficiently on the subject to prepare a well-digested code or a comprehensive amendment to the national Constitution. Some view it as a civil contract, though not governed by the laws of other contracts; some view it as a religious ordinance—a sacrament; some think it a relation to be regulated by the State, others by the Church, and still others think it should be left wholly to the individual.

With this divergence among our leading minds, it is quite evident that we are not prepared for a national law.

Local self-government more readily permits of experiments on mooted questions, which are the outcome of the needs and convictions of the community. It is an incontrovertible principle of political economy that the smaller the area over which legislation extends the more pliable are the laws.

By leaving the States free to experiment in their local affairs we can judge of the working of different laws under varying circumstances, and thus ascertain definitely their comparative merits.

The progress education has received in America is due to the fact that we have left our system of public instruction in the hands of local authorities.

How very different would be the solution of the great educational question of manual labor in the schools of this country if the matter had to be settled at Washington!

From these considerations our wisest course seems to be to leave these questions wholly to the civil rather than to the canon law; to the jurisdiction of the several States rather than the nation.

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DAINTY CURTAINS FOR SUMMER WINDOWS

By Lilian Barton Wilson

THE NEXT best thing to being cool when the hot summer days arrive is to look cool. To a certain degree to look cool is to be cool, for the appearance of things adds to or detracts greatly from one's comfort. It should be a study with the home-maker how to furnish summer houses or to freshen winter ones in order to attain this end. It is not by any means necessary to incur great expense or to add to the work of housekeeping. On the other hand, one may greatly simplify the latter by clearing away all superfluous knick-knacks and putting out of sight in safe boxes all woollen hangings and like warm-looking things.

The windows are almost the chief feature of the inside of a summer house. Nothing is quite so important as the piazza—in fact, a summer cottage often seems merely an excuse for a piazza—but certainly next to this outdoor living-room come the windows in their double function of letting in air and excluding light. By way of suggestion as to this latter service one cannot too strongly urge the use of dark-green shades in summer cottages, even if they are put up in addition to the light holland ones, which are certainly more artistic.

At midday or in very warm days a cottage so curtained is most restful. The comfortably shaded rooms then become a refuge from the out-of-doors and a great relief from even the piazza. All other curtains should be light and airy, of wash material, white and dainty.

The advantage of lighting and ventilating from the top of the windows is not fully appreciated. If it were, more windows would be opened from the top and curtained at the bottom. A reversed shade in a sewing-room is the greatest possible comfort, especially at the window where one sits to sew. It is not important that one so engaged should look out, but this privilege is not necessarily curtailed, for the shade need not be raised even as high as the shoulder. All light is thus excluded from under the work and prevented

from shining up into the eyes—it falls from above, and so is the most possible use and least possible harm. Besides, all things, and embroidery especially, look best in an overhead light. Artists' studios are so constructed as to admit the light from above, so that it shines directly on the objects instead of being reflected and broken countless times. Furniture coverings, hangings, etc., which have looked quite dingy take on freshness when a room is so lighted. When windows extend to the floor, unless they answer

purpose of a passage to a veranda, they are simply doors in the wrong place and should be curtained from below.

Sash or half curtains are especially pretty and desirable for all these reasons and also because they are so unconventionally decorative in summer homes. They are pretty made of the various Swiss muslins and will answer for several seasons with careful home washing. The most serviceable as well as the most artistic material is serim. This is a wiry, open mesh, canvas-like fabric. It launders well and hangs in very graceful folds with just enough stiffness. The dust is easily shaken off a fabric of this quality. It is possible, moreover, to decorate it most beautifully in the old-fashioned cross-stitch

embroidery, since it is a canvas texture. The nature of the material is quite as suggestive of drawnwork and hemstitching as of cross-stitch, and together the effect is that of quaint needlework of perhaps the days of one's great-grandmother. Certainly nothing could be cooler or fresher at the cottage windows, as one may judge from the illustrations.

A very narrow border may be selected if one wants little work and only a touch of color. Figure 1 is bordered with a dainty little vine which the worker could reproduce from the cut. Small pattern books of Berlin woolwork contain many bits of design for such borders. This embroidery should be done either in ilio silk—that dull floss—or in helios cottons, which is a 12-strand thread like filo silk, but less expensive. Use three strands in the needle at once; four, perhaps, in the stems of the vine, like patterns where emphasis is desirable. The old blue, Indian red and dull green is a pretty combination and the one used in these curtains. Four or five strands of the serim should be crossed diagonally, and this stitch thus laid should be crossed on the opposite diagonal. After a small section of the design has been worked the cross-stitch is set, and it is then perfectly easy to continue the work, using it as gauze. The work is not trying to the eyes, as one might suppose; for after the start is made one has only to run the point of the needle along the foundation threads and it will find its own places so to speak. This embroidery is really worth while, for it is a fresh and original use of a very old method. It is, moreover, pretty work to do in the summer, since it is not particularly taxing. It may be done in the hand, but one who is accustomed to working in a frame will find it more readily worked if the serim is framed. It need not be very tight; if the edges are turned over the bars of a frame and pinned it will be quite secure enough.

Hemstitching and drawnwork are the appropriate finishing touch to serim curtains. Two threads are quite sufficient to draw for the hems; more than this weakens the material and is not so pretty. The hemstitching may be done with the threads of the material which have been withdrawn, as may also the drawnwork. Hemstitch the edge top and bottom for this bit of drawnwork and fasten the clusters of three groups of stitches with knot-stitch. There are many narrow drawn-work patterns, and these are prettier for this purpose than more elaborate ones.

Sash curtains are usually hung plain, as in Figure 1, but there are pretty ways of draping them a little. The small diamond, as

Figure 2, is pretty both from within and from without. If a very firmly fixed curtain is desired, a rod in the top and bottom hem may be arranged.

Of the various sash curtain fixtures the most convenient kind is the rod with spring, rubber-tipped ends. These ends slip off and the rod may then be made to fit any window. These fixtures need only to be pressed together and forced between the window jambs, thus avoiding the necessity of screwing on brackets or clamps.

There are various qualities of serim. The best is none too good when one intends putting fine work upon it. This may be purchased in white or écrù for forty cents per yard.

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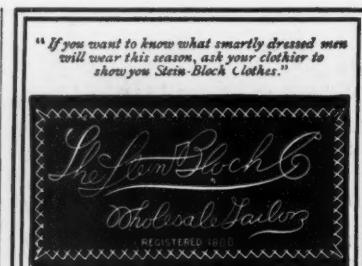
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THE COAL STRIKE

IT WAS two weeks ago that the anthracite coal strikers played their trump card. After holding it up his sleeve until the game with the operators would have been lost without its appearance upon the table, John A. Mitchell, the leader in the most formidable coal war in labor history, on Monday morning, June 2, made good his threat to order out the engineers, firemen and pumpmen in the shafts and slopes.

This act has arrayed almost 8,000 additional men by the side of the 147,000 striking anthracite miners and miners' helpers. And with the calling out of the pump runners the most effective blow has been dealt the operators since the struggle had its inception. The situation in the coal region is now critical. It would take but little to arouse the idle men, already angered by the appearance of scattered bands of non-union substitutes, into open disorder.

It is this problem which is giving Mitchell and his staff the hardest work in solving—how to prevent the disorderly element in their ranks, led by the unruly foreigners, from alienating public sympathy by attacks upon non-union men and a repetition of the dreaded night marches to suspected collieries that terrorized the anthracite towns in the strike of two years ago.

Business is at a standstill. Uncertainty and the fear that within another week the militia may be called into the field to aid the operators in protecting their plants have paralyzed the commercial interests in all the coal cities and towns. This week will finally decide one way or another the result of the contest. If the threatened disorder comes despite Mitchell's efforts to keep it down, even the most enthusiastic of the strike leaders are ready to admit that the fight is lost. The advent of the militia would mean quick trouble, culminating in a victory for the operators. Mitchell, keenly alive to every phase of the situation, is fully conscious of this fact, and through his vice-presidents in the three anthracite districts has gone forth the flat that there must be no disorder and that even the night marches must be abandoned this year.

A conservative view of the situation to-day must produce the impression that, temporarily at least, the strikers have the better of things. Despite the assertions of the operators, that most of the pump runners would remain at work and that the majority of the engineers would decline to impair their high-salaried positions in a sympathetic strike, practically

ninety per cent of the men whose daily work it is to keep the inundating sulphur water out of the shafts are to-day idle. Some of the shafts are in imminent danger of destruction unless skilled non-union men are secured within a few days.

In every shaft there are plenty of men at work keeping out the water, but they are an untrained, unskilled lot, recruited mostly from the clerical forces of the collieries, and they are chafing and impatient at being forced to do manual labor as makeshifts. If these men desert, and if persuasion keeps out the non-union men now being recruited in New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and even as far west as Chicago, Mitchell and his staff believe the operators will be forced to accede to some of the miners' demands. And it is a known fact here that Mitchell would be satisfied with very little in the way of concessions now.

Underneath all the assurance and the stiff upper-lip maintained by those highest in the councils of the United Mine Workers of America, it is an undoubted actuality that the strike leaders themselves realize that this year's throwing down of the gauntlet to the operators was ill timed and premature.

In the first place, the strike should have been deferred in any event until the fall, when not only the factories and industries of the country would be needing coal, but when every householder would be joining in the shriek for a speedy settlement of the anthracite dispute. There is more winning concessions involved in this struggle as it stands to-day. The very life of the miners' union is at stake. If this strike be lost, the union stands in danger of disruption. The seeds of discontent and dissension have been sown.

So far the signs of violence have been merely sporadic and the work of the inevitable hotheads in a strike, whatever sort of one it may be. The temper of the men as a whole is as yet quiet. But how can the situation seem otherwise than ominous with every colliery a fort behind a barbed wire fence stockade, manned by coal and iron police with Winchesters and revolvers; every engine and boiler house a dormitory for professional strike breakers in the employ of the operators, stocked with food and ammunition enough to withstand a long siege?

No coal is being mined; the operators admit this. The sulphur water is being barely kept out of the shafts. Partially worked out "breasts," in fact, have been already inundated.

THE PASSING OF THE ATHLETIC GIRL

By Belle M. Sherman

THE DAY of the athletic girl is over. I can hear my golf friend say, "What nonsense!" But it is not nonsense. Even the most sceptical, if they will take the trouble to go through the shops or turn the leaves of the fashion magazines, will soon become convinced.

The girl who, in her common-sense shoes and microbe-proof short skirt, has held the centre of the stage so long, to the delight of the physical culturist and dress reformer, is fading into the flies and a creature of laces and chiffons, ruffles and furbelows, is advancing to the footlights.

The only wonder is that the athletic girl lasted as long as she did. She stood her ground bravely in spite of the powerful opposition of the shopkeeper and the prospective husband. Weary of the struggle, she now gracefully retires like a politic woman, conscious of, yet not acknowledging, her defeat, and gives place to the summer girl of 1902.

The girl we have with us this year is the antipode of her predecessor. To be in the fashion, to wear the costumes designed for this season, no girl can afford to be an athlete. It was all very well, when a short skirt and tailor-made shirt-waist in the evening at the summer resort was the hall-mark of smartness, for a girl to have a healthy coat of tan on face, throat and forearms; but to-day, when Dame Fashion, who is a tyrannical jade at her best, steps in and commands the sheerest of laces, the most diaphanous of materials, tan or sunburn is an impossibility.

What need had the merchant to stock his shops with all the fripperies supposed to be so dear to the feminine heart, if these same dear girls never gave the tempting display a second glance? The athletic fad was not good for trade. The woman's tailor, skirt-maker and shoemaker were the only ones benefited. In the course of events the merchant was sure to rebel.

Then the modiste had a cause for grievance. Where was her living to come from if this athletic craze continued? Of what use was it to design "dreams" for non-appreciative customers? The "new woman" was her bugbear, and she was driven to distraction.

The whole army of purveyors to women, in Paris, London and Berlin, were in despair. They would be bankrupt did the girl of the period continue to be satisfied with tweed

skirts, heavy shoes and shirt-waists. Something must be done.

To the relief of the shopkeeper came the "Du Barry" and "Dolly Varden" craze. No sooner had these two plays caught popular fancy than the shops were filled with Du Barry scarfs and hats and Dolly Varden foulards and organdies. Sunburn and tan, short skirts and heavy shoes, lost their attractions, and the girls lost their hearts to the frivolities (as far as gowning was concerned) of these two stage heroines.

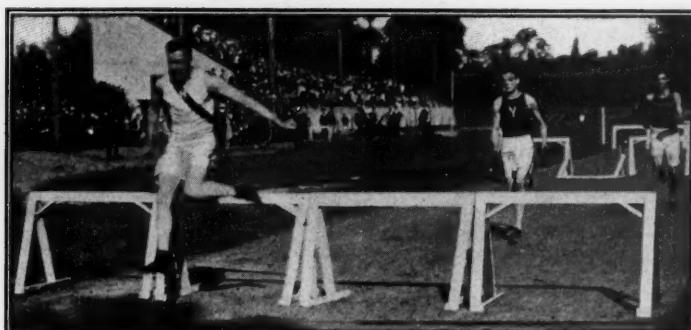
Of course, no girl could dress as Du Barry or Dolly Varden were she a fright with freckles and sunburn. So, after many visits to the complexion doctors, the twentieth century summer girl has emerged from her chrysalis a veritable butterfly.

Nothing so completely shows the trend of fashion as the radical changes which have taken place in shoes and shirt-waists. From the low common-sense heel and round-toe shoe we have returned to the pointed toe and Louis XV. heel. Fancy has run riot in the fashion of heels. This return to the unhealthy Louis XV. heel is to be regretted by people of common-sense.

Even the show-windows of the haberdasher shops that cater to women display a most elaborate collection of the once severely made shirt-waist. These bodices are works of art, made as they are of the sheerest lawns and organzies and profusely trimmed with fine laces. Perhaps nothing so indicates the decline of the athletic fad as this new departure in shirt-waists.

The athletic girl is not the creature of mystery and romance that her sister of chiffons and ruffles, ribbons and laces, is. She would be out of place on a veranda, lying in a hammock of a summer's evening, or out in a rowboat on the lake under the moon's rays, and therefore to-day, under the new régime, she is relegated to the shelf and in a short time will be forgotten.

A wail has been sent up from landlords of summer hotels that they could get no men. This dearth was blamed on the athletic girl. It was said there was nothing to attract a man to a summer hotel when there were no pretty girls to fall in love with. A man is never so happy as when he is miserably in love. The athletic girl had no time for love-making, therefore there was no attraction for the men.



220-Yard Hurdle—Willis winning, with Clapp second and Cheek third



R. E. Williams, Princeton, finishing first in One-Mile Run



De Witt throwing 16-Pound Hammer



Holland winning the 440-Yard Run



Arthur F. Duffy, Georgetown



Start of the Second Heat, 100-Yard Run—Duffy second from Left



Duffy breaking World's 100-Yard Record, Time 9 3-5 Seconds

INTERCOLLEGiate CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES, HELD AT BERKELEY OVAL, MAY 31

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMPINTERCOLLEGiate
MEETING:
DUFFY A
WORLD-
BEATER

THE event of the Intercollegiate meeting proved to be that for which every one has been looking, although it is true with but slight hope, namely, the breaking of the 100-yard record by the peerless runner Arthur F. Duffy of Georgetown University. This veritable bundle of speed has run the distance in 9 4 5 seconds more frequently than a year ago, anybody deemed possible, and for this reason there have been some sanguine followers of track events who believed he would eventually cut off that fifth of a second necessary to make him the greatest runner that ever trod the cinder path.

The day was perfect; it was warm enough to limber up the muscles of the runners, but there was life in the air and a sparkle that nerved men to their best efforts. The track, to all appearances, was no better than usual; certainly not phenomenally fast. The wind, which freshened somewhat later in the afternoon, was merely a gentle breeze, and men who stood with handkerchiefs along the track indicated by these fluttering bits of linen that the breeze was light; for, while the white bits moved and fluttered in the air, there was not enough strength to lift them, except on the edges; nor was the wind directly down the track, but a little off the shoulder of the runner.

When the men went to the starting line Duffy had already run once in 9 4 5 seconds, and he knew well from the predictions of many that Schick, the Harvard runner, was looked upon as a worthy rival for him. At the crack of the pistol the champion got off beautifully, and was instantly in his stride. From twenty-five yards he began to pull away inch by inch, running stronger every moment and with a determination which stood out in every muscle. Twenty-five yards from the tape he had Schick beaten nearly a yard, and he added two feet more before he breasted the tape, running his race out clean and strong. Five feet separated the two as Duffy bore the worsted away, and the timers clicked their watches. One watch registered 9 2 5 and the others 9 3 5! Immediately anxiety came to all those who stood about the finish lest the track should prove short and thus rob Duffy of his record. It was immediately measured by a city surveyor, and the tape registered one inch over the necessary hundred yards. The crowds in the stands shouted wildly when the time was announced to them, for every man knew that he had seen something done which is likely to stand as a model for ambitious runners for a long time.

Although the work of Duffy cast into the shade most of the other work, the struggle for first place was nevertheless an exciting one between Harvard, Yale and Princeton. The latter displayed unexpected strength, and the final burst of speed exhibited by Williams in the mile set the Princeton adherents wild with enthusiasm. It turned out that the last race of the afternoon, the 220, was also the deciding event, and it had for starters only Harvard and Yale men.

Three wore the red of Harvard and two bore the blue of Yale. But those who followed the work of the men felt that, barring an accident, Harvard was certain of winning first, with more than an even chance of second place, and the result proved that judgment of form was right, for two Harvard runners finished ahead of Yale. The final score was Harvard 34, Yale 30, Princeton 27.

Yale's most certain event of the afternoon, the 2-mile, went wrong in a most astonishing manner; for Franchot, who was picked as an absolutely certain first, and although he had the race won up to a yard of the tape, unaccountably stopped as he was actually taking the last stride, and Bowen of Pennsylvania bore away the tape just a few inches in front of the Yale runner.

POLO One of the most closely contested polo games of the season thus far was played between Buffalo and Westchester at Meadowbrook on May 22. Buffalo had Barstow, Carey, Cooley and Earle, carrying a total handicap of 11, while the Westches-

ters wore the red of Harvard and two bore the blue of Yale. But those who followed the work of the men felt that, barring an accident, Harvard was certain of winning first, with more than an even chance of second place, and the result proved that judgment of form was right, for two Harvard runners finished ahead of Yale. The final score was Harvard 34, Yale 30, Princeton 27.

The first day of the Metropolitan Golf Association Championship at Tuxedo brought out all but eight of the fifty-seven entries. The day was not all that could be desired, a tricky wind making the sporty course even more difficult than usual. Travis's machine-like precision, however, brought him through with an excellent score, considering the conditions, of 37 going out and 39 coming in, thus winning the gold medal with a 76. The old player, C. B. McDonald of Tuxedo, was nearest to him with an 80, and Douglas followed with an 81.

There was an excellent list of good names among those who did not qualify, most prominent being De Witt Cochrane, W. C. Carnegie, and Chadwick, Jr. The latter, together with George Brokaw and C. F. Watson, Sr., as well as Carnegie, all tied at 94 for the thirty-second place. Carnegie and Watson got fours on the first hole, dropping out Chadwick and Brokaw. On the second hole Watson repeated a four, Carnegie dropping out with a five.

In the first round of match play, Wirt Thompson, who had qualified with an 89 in eighteenth place, beat out McDonald by 2 up. Travis easily defeated Rhett, Douglas put Livingston out and Horstman ran away with Cory, 5 up and 4 to play.

The next rounds were more than interesting, although they did let through the expected men, Travis and Douglas. There were some good scores made, Travis's record of 76 being made no less than three times, once by Travis himself, once by Douglas and once by Marcellus in defeating Chauncey. The hottest contest of all was the Thompson-Emmett, which was finally won out by the former on the 19th green, Thompson getting a 4. The Travis-Watson match was one of the best of the tournament, Travis just winning out by a score of 76, Watson making two excellent rounds of 39 each. Although Travis won by 2 up, the two were square after finishing the 10th hole, Travis won the 11 by a long put in 3, Watson evened it again on the 12, Travis took the 13, they halved the 14, Watson once more made the match square at the 15, but fouled on the next hole by missing an easy put for a half. The 17th they halved, and Travis won the 18th.

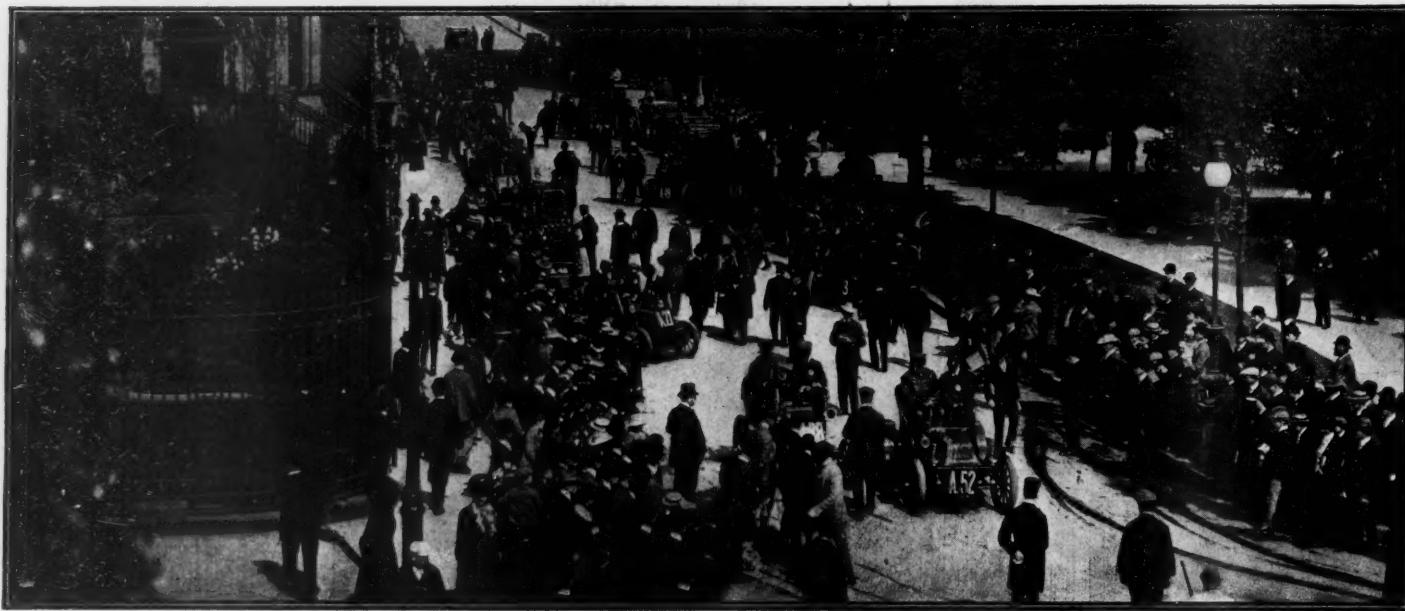
The next round showed even more brilliant golf. It also demonstrated that the course, though tricky, is one upon which phenomenal records can be made. Travis went around in 72, and that, too, with a 7 for his 14th, his second



Travis and Douglas on the Eleventh Green, Metropolitan Golf Tournament

ters had Reynal, Blair, R. J. Collier and Beeckman, carrying a total of 14. The Westchesters actually earned 12 goals and were penalized a quarter for a safety. The Buffaloes could earn but 10 and were penalized a quarter for a safety, so that their handicap gave them the match by 1 goal.

The Americans won the first polo match at Hurlingham before an enormous crowd and in a contest which was at times wildly exciting. Lawrence Waterbury played like a demon throughout, but, with all his determination and dash, he never for a moment lost his head, and it was owing to his capital defence that time and again the Englishmen were balked of what seemed like an almost certain goal. In five minutes after the play started Waterbury shot the first



Automobiles forming on the Plaza ready to start on the 100-Mile Endurance Run, May 30

shot dropping into Jordan. In making this 72 he put out Douglas, 6 up and 5 to play. Marcellus had a 19-hole match with Thompson, just winning out. Reid, Jr., with Horstman won the four-ball match, making a 37 and a 35.

In the finals Travis had no trouble in putting out Marcellus, 11 up and 10 to play, going out in 38 to his opponent's 42 and having a comfortable lead of three at the turn. There was a good gallery, but very little excitement, for the machine-like play of the champion seemed unbeatable.

A novel golf match was played recently **NOVEL GOLF** over the course of the Apawamis Club between teams made up of the women and the men, the men allowing the women a stroke a hole on all save the long ones—7, 9, 14 and 17—where they were able to allow their fair opponents two strokes. The men won out by a score of 8 to 6; Miss Hecker defeated M. Ballou and Miss Eddy defeated F. A. Moore each by 3 up. They were the only two women to win, although Mrs. Clark made a draw with Mr. Graham.

COLLEGE BASEBALL Harvard had a hard time of it in disposing of Illinois, the recent conquerors of Princeton, in a game at Cambridge in which running was difficult. The final score was Harvard 2, Illinois 1. Both sides got the same number of errors, but Harvard outbatted the visitors.

Brown defeated Cornell at Providence in another game that was conspicuous for lack of scoring. Cornell made four errors to Brown's one, and that turned the tables. The score was Brown 2, Cornell 0.

The following day Holy Cross beat Brown 11 to 0, Illinois just won out from West Point, 6 to 5, and Wesleyan had an equally narrow margin in disposing of Dartmouth, 11 to 10.

YALE 10 PRINCETON 6 Yale won the first game of the series with Princeton at New Haven in the presence of some five thousand people by securing a safe margin in the very first inning. Princeton struggled along, picking up a run here and there, but was unable to pull down the long lead.

The Yale men were very different from those of last season, in that they were able to hit the ball and give the other side a chance to make errors. Princeton accepted the chances, and that told the story. Yale made 4 runs in the first inning, 2 in the third and 4 more in the fifth. Princeton scored 1 in the second, 1 in the fourth, 3 in the fifth and 1 in the eighth. The prettiest play of the day was the throw of Barnwell from centre field to the home plate, cutting off a run.

COURTNEY 10 MEMORIAL DAY RACES Courtney put Cornell at the front on Memorial Day in the race on Cayuga Lake by defeating the Newell Club of Harvard and the second, or, rather, freshmen, crew of Syracuse University over the two-mile course. As a matter of fact, Cornell had it all her own way from the start and was hardly pressed at all. The time made was 10 minutes 46 seconds. Syracuse came next in 11 minutes 1 second, with Harvard bringing up the rear in 11 minutes 11 seconds. Syracuse and Harvard had something of a fight of it, but Syracuse finally pulled away in the last half of the race.

On the Schuylkill, Cornell finished at the other end, being five lengths behind Columbia and seven lengths behind Pennsylvania. This race was for varsity junior crews, and Pennsylvania covered the course in 8 minutes 46 seconds, Columbia 8 minutes 55 4-5 seconds. The wind blew hard, and it took "beef" to drive the boats, and positions were at a premium.

HARLEM REGATTA The Harlem Regatta was held over what is known as the Speedway course, and, in view of the bearing of some of the events on the English Henley, proved particularly interesting.

Louis Scholes of the Don Rowing Club of Toronto beat out Titus of the Union Boat Club of New York in the singles with comparative ease, and as both are entered for the Diamond Sculls in the English Blue Ribbon event, this result makes it look especially doubtful if the States secure a victory there. The most exciting struggle of the afternoon was in the senior eight-oared shell race between the Harlem Rowing Club and Columbia varsity crew. The collegians were beaten out by a nose, only five feet of the bow of Harlem's shell being ahead of them and by time of 4 minutes 32 seconds.

IRVINGTON-MILLBURN The Irvington-Millburn race over twenty-five miles of road was especially interesting and brought out a new record, Charles Schlee of Newark covering the distance in 1 hour 7 minutes 42 seconds. The former record was 1 hour 8 minutes 47 seconds, made by Monte Scott seven years ago. Samuel La Voie of Syracuse, with a handicap of 3 1-2 minutes, won the race on a 19-pound wheel with a 92 gear. Zanes of Newark, a 5-minute man, was second, and Wolf of Bloomfield, a 7-minute man, third.

TENNIS L. E. Mahan once more demonstrated his ability and the great utility of his tremendous reach by defeating Chase for the Columbia University tennis championship. Mahan won in three straight sets, 6—2, 6—1, 6—3. Williams won the tri-college tennis tournament with a score of 4; Amherst second, 3; Wesleyan, 0.

AUTOMOBILES Peculiarly instructive to automobileists were the speed trials for all manner of motors held on the last two days of May in the vicinity of New York City. Incidentally they were vivid demonstrations of the relative merits for purposes of observation of long-distance endurance trials over country roads, under strict limitations of speed, as against out and out speed contests over a specially prepared speedway.

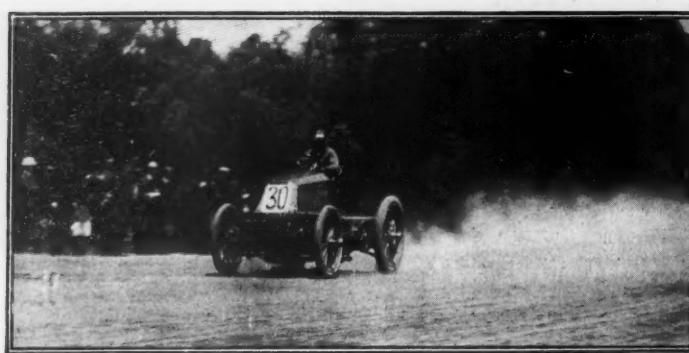
On the morning of Memorial Day, when the great mansions and monster hotels adjoining the handsome quarters of the Automobile Club of America at the Plaza entrance of New York's Central Park were gay with colors and when the streets of the city were alive with soldiers and people gathering for their annual Memorial parade, half a hundred automobiles drew up in the Plaza and started, one by one, up Fifth Avenue, to try for the long-distance endurance certificates granted by the Automobile Club of America.

No better day could have been chosen for the purpose. The weather was ideal; the country roads were hard, dustless, and comparatively unencumbered by sightseers owing to the superior attractions of the military ceremonies at the

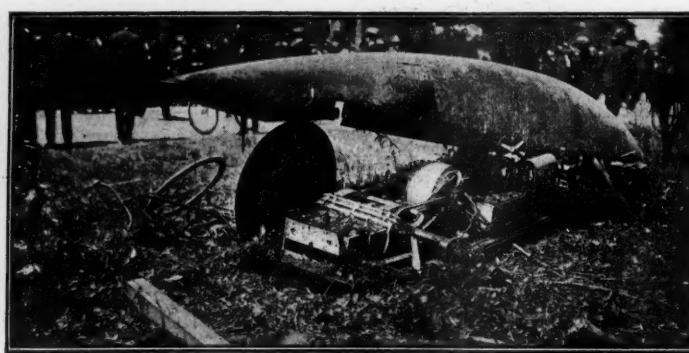
cemeteries. The run was for a hundred miles into Connecticut and back; there was to be no stop for repairs, with a minimum speed limit of eight miles per hour and a maximum speed of fifteen miles. Of the fifty-five automobiles that started forty-four returned before sundown to put in their claims for a certificate. Each was accompanied throughout the run by a delegate from the Automobile Club, who was to see to it that the conditions laid down by the organizers of the run had been properly observed.

Not a contestant was disqualified, though some had to be warned at the turning-point in Southport, Conn., where the bunching of nearly a dozen automobiles tempted their chauffeurs to an impromptu brush to the half-way stake. Almost all the machines entering returned to New York within seven hours. They had been divided into classes according to their motive power. Gasoline automobiles were not allowed to make any stop en route. Steam machines could make not more than two stops for water, while electric automobiles were likewise allowed to stop to recharge their batteries. The fact that but one electric automobile was entered under these conditions gave special point to Thomas A. Edison's announcement next day of his new invention of light batteries for long-distance electric automobiling.

Very different in character were the automobile and motor-cycle speed races, next day, over a specially levelled course of one mile on the beautiful ocean speedway of Staten Island. Whatever advantage might have resulted from the outcome of these races for automobiling was utterly frustrated by the frightful havoc and loss of life wrought by Baker's runaway racer just after the completion of the first round of trials. The accident was so dreadful in its nature that the races had to be stopped. Baker's racer was built for racing only, after the celebrated Jenatzy model, resembling a huge projectile. Great interest was taken in the machine on account of its peculiar shape. Its two operators sat one behind the other as in a deep canoe, with a hood in front. They were strapped tightly to their seats. The machine flew over the starting line at a mile-a-minute pace. Enveloped in a whirl of dust it flashed by the half-mile stake in less than 30 seconds. Its speed by that time had increased to 76 miles per hour. At a slight rise in the ground, where the boulevard crosses some trolley tracks, the wheels of the racer rose from the road for an instant. As a result of this flying leap something happened to the tires. The brakes did not work properly with the wheels in the air. As the tires on one side went down the racer swerved to that side. Mr. Baker instinctively turned the steering-wheel the other way. It was too sharp a turn. An adequate idea of the frightful velocity of the racer may be gathered from the fact that both operators, though strapped to their seats, were hurled fifty feet beyond the turn. Like a juggernaut the riderless machine bore down upon the crowd of spectators lining the side of the boulevard. The first man it struck was hurled high in the air, but for a wonder escaped with his life. Six others who were struck were severely injured. Two were killed outright. Thanks to the foresight of the Automobile Club of America, a Red Cross corps was on hand, who instantly attended the injured. Mr. Baker and his motor-man, Denzer, were arrested, but were subsequently released. The unfortunate occurrence is the most striking object lesson against automobile racing on open roads, so far.



Henri Fournier's Mors Machine going at the Rate of a Mile in 55 4-5 Seconds



Wreck of the Torpedo-shaped Automobile which ran away, doing serious damage

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A GIFT TO HOLLAND

WHEN Mr. Seth Low of New York was in the Netherlands to represent the American Government at the Peace Conference in 1899 he expressed a desire to leave behind some token of his visit. He finally decided to make a present of a stained-glass window to the English church at The Hague, and one with a design that should be commemorative of the Peace Conference.

A few Sundays ago the window was unveiled by America's Ambassador at The Hague, Mr. Stanford Newell. During a pause in the morning service Mr. Stanford Newell, in the name of Mr. Seth Low, made over the present to the church authorities and in an appropriate speech pointed out that the giver's object was to leave a lasting memento of the Peace Conference.

The window is on the right-hand side of the church as one faces the altar, and is a beautiful piece of work, although not very large. A figure in the centre represents Christ surrounded by angel heads, with the inscription above, "Pacem meam do Vobis."

A group represents "Faith, Hope, and Charity," with the Latin name above each. Upon a scroll borne by the Madonna is the inscription, "An American Memorial of the International Peace Conference, 1899."

A NEW EXPLOSIVE

A NEW EXPLOSIVE has been discovered by a Dutch captain of artillery at Soerabaja, and the Netherlands Government has directed him to return to the mother country to demonstrate the utility of his invention before a committee of military experts. Captain J. U. van Loon is the name of the inventor, and he has previously distinguished himself in the field of pyrotechnics.

Certain properties are claimed for this new powder, which, if the claims be substantiated, are likely to create considerable alterations in the manufacture of ammunition and in that of small-arms too.

One obstacle which besets ammunition manufacturers at present is the need of making a different powder for almost each firearm of different calibre, but this new explosive will obviate that difficulty.

The inventor has shown that it is possible to employ this new powder in arms of all kinds, and even in revolver cartridges; the latter arm has hitherto been considered by experts to require a cartridge with a powder of special make. But Captain van Loon has applied his invention to revolver cartridges, using a new form of bullet with flat head, and the experiments made with it show that the initial velocity is doubled, the line of trajectory flatter, and the chance of hitting the object aimed at thereby much increased. Apart from the foregoing, the carrying power of the force created by this new explosive is so great that a man can be knocked down at three hundred yards—a result hitherto unattained by a revolver bullet.

The national explosive laboratory is to be placed at the inventor's use when he reaches the Netherlands, and his experiments will be watched by the Dutch Colonial Minister in person.

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A Way to Push off the "hang on's."

Perhaps some day you will wake up to the fact that coffee is quickly and surely doing the business for you. You wonder why the symptoms of disease which grow more and more pronounced do not disappear, but hang on in spite of all the medicines you can take.

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There are hundreds of thousands of cases in America that prove the truth of this statement.

A gentleman from Columbus, Ga., says, "My wife had been an invalid for some time and did not seem to yield to any sort of medicines. She could not eat anything without distress, and naturally was badly run down in every way.

Finally we concluded that perhaps it was the coffee that hurt her, so she quit it and went on to Postum, also began using Grapes Nuts Breakfast Food. She immediately began to improve and kept gaining strength and health; now she can eat heartily of anything she wants, vegetables and anything else, without hurting her. She has gained nearly thirty pounds since she made the change.

I saw such an improvement in her health that I decided to quit coffee myself and you would be surprised to see the change. I have gained in flesh about 25 pounds, and have entirely lost the old, dull headaches that I used to have so much.

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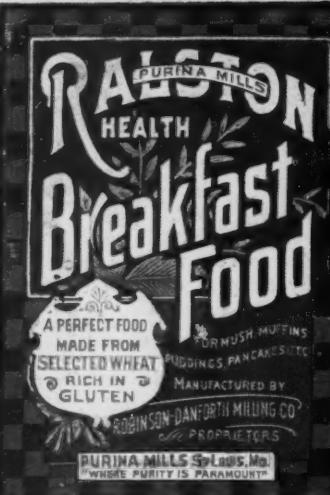
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